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LÚIREACH PHÁDRAIC

ST PATRICK'S BREASTPLATE

THIS HYMN PÁDRAIC MADE when Loeghaire son of Niall set a snare for him, lest he come to Tara to sow the faith. And to them that lay in hiding it seemed naught passed save wild deer, and a fawn following after—Benén to wit. And so its name from that day to this is The Deer's Cry. *It is a corslet of faith shielding body and soul against devils and men and vices. Whoso cometh over it daily with mind intent on God, no demon shall outface him ; it will guard him from venom and envy ; it will defend him from sudden death ; it will be to his soul a sure shield when life is spent.*

I ARISE TO-DAY
in power and might.
I call upon the Trinity,
with faith in the threeness,
and trust in the oneness
of the great world's Maker.

I ARISE TO-DAY
in the power and might
of Christ's birth and baptism,
His crucifixion and burial,
His resurrection, His ascension,
His coming anew to judge mankind.

I ARISE TO-DAY

in love of cherubim,
in duty of angels,
in fealty of archangels,
in hope of uprising
to gain life's guerdon.

I SET MY TRUST

in prayers of patriarchs,
in foretelling of prophets,
in preaching of apostles,
in faith of confessors,
in purity of virgins,
in good works of the just.

I ARISE TO-DAY

with the powers of heaven,
the sun in brightness,
the moon in splendour,
the flashing of fire,
the swift stroke of lightning,
the rushing of storm-wind,
the deepness of ocean,
the firmness of earth,
the hardness of bed-rock.

I ARISE TO-DAY

God's power for my pilot,
God's might my upholding,
God's wisdom my guiding,
God's eye as my outlook,
God's ear for my hearing,
God's word on my tongue,
God's right hand to ward me,
God's path for my treading,
God's shield my protecting,
God's host my defending,
against pitfalls of demons,
the alluring of vices,
the questings of nature,
against them that wish ill to me,
afar and anear, alone or with others.

TO-DAY I CALL

God's might to aid me
    against every power,
venomous, pitiless,
    besetting me, body and soul,
lures of false prophets,
    dark rites of heathenry,
false lore of heresy,
    worship of idols,
wiles of women and smiths and wizards,
craft that scathes man's soul and body.

CHRIST SAVE ME TO-DAY

from bane and from burning,
    from drowning, from wounding,
that grace abounding
    may be my portion.

CHRIST BE WITH ME

Christ within me,
    Christ in my headway,
Christ in my wake,
    Christ alow and Christ aloft,
Christ on my right hand,
    Christ on my left.
Christ with me waking,
    walking and sleeping.
Christ in every heart thinks on me,
    Christ on every tongue speaks to me,
Christ in every eye beholding,
    Christ in every listening ear.

DOMINI EST SALUS ✠ CHRISTI EST SALUS
✠ SALUS TUA, DOMINE, SIT SEMPER NOBISCUM
✠ AMEN

English by Colm O Lochlainn *Woodcut by Karl Uhlemann*

THE *Irish Liber Hymnorum* is contained in two main MSS : one in the Franciscan Library, and the other in Trinity College. Many of the hymns are Latin, but there are eight most valuable hymns in Old-Irish, dateable to about the year 750. Each has a preface of a much later date. *St. Patrick's Breastplate* is one of these.

It was first printed in his *Description of the Antiquities of Tara Hill* (1837) by the famous antiquary, artist, and musician, George Petrie. He had the assistance of John O'Donovan in deciphering the manuscript and making his translation.

A second edition, more critical, was published by Whitley Stokes, the founder of modern Irish philology, in his collection of early glosses and texts, *Goidelica*, in the year 1872.

A third edition was contributed to the Journal of the *Kilkenny Archaeological Society* by J. O'Beirne Crowe.

A fourth was printed for the members of the Henry Bradshaw Society in the year 1898, two volumes containing the whole of *The Irish Liber Hymnorum*. The editors were Rev. J. H. Bernard and Robert Atkinson.

A fifth and final edition was issued with a number of Old-Irish hymns, by Whitley Stokes and John Strachan in their monumental *Thesaurus Palaeohibernicus* in 1903.

The opening words *Atomriug indiu* had been wrongly translated in the earlier editions. Ascoli, the Italian philologist was the first to give the correct rendering ' me extollo, assurgo ' ; but the incorrect translation ' I bind unto myself to-day ' has been persistently repeated in prose and verse down to our own day. It is certainly wrong.

My aim throughout has been the fashioning of a rhythmic version which in all respects would be true to the form of the Old-Irish *Rosg*—a rhythmical chant with much interplay of vowel and consonantal sounds. I have avoided Latinity and all phrases that seem to smack of book-learning. For we must accept the scholars' verdict that here we have a chant probably composed in the eighth century, less than three hundred years after Patrick's death, and certainly recorded in writing before 850.

In 1951 I had the satisfaction of sharing the views of my dear friend and colleague, the late Gerard Murphy. To this consultation I owe the corrected line ' Christ with me waking, walking and sleeping '. There were other little points also where his suggested translations were an improvement on Stokes and Strachan.

Colm O Lochlainn

The Myth of the Second Patrick

A.D. 461–1961

FRANCIS SHAW

THE people of Ireland celebrate in this year the fifteenth centenary of the death of Saint Patrick ; but it would be foolish to deny that for many the zest for celebration is muted by uncertainty, if not bewilderment. The stale witticism ' which Patrick ? ' is heard too often when his name is mentioned. The phrase ' the two Patricks ', first current amongst the more learned, has become popular and doubt, and even cynicism, have affected those who have little idea of what is in question. This is due almost exclusively to the late Thomas F. O'Rahilly, and it is a tribute to the immense prestige of one of the greatest of Irish scholars. In 1942 O'Rahilly presented in his booklet *The Two Patricks*[1] a thesis which, though in no sense original, was sponsored anew by his vigour, his wide scholarship and his deservedly great reputation. O'Rahilly's view that there were two Patricks in the fullest sense of the word was widely accepted and it has to a great extent dominated Patrician studies since it was proposed again by him. Variations on the basic *motif* have been composed since 1942 ; but I wish to confine my attention to the radical concept. As a result of O'Rahilly's influence the oneness of Patrick has been placed in doubt. Patrick, the apostle of the Irish has become a fraction.

In a centenary year one would wish to avoid what is controversial, but one cannot. The right to celebrate is at stake, but I think that right can be vindicated.

There is no evidence which can be dated earlier than the eighth century that the people of Ireland knew anything about a second Patrick. On the contrary all the witnesses which we possess which are prior to the year A.D. 700 speak of one Patrick and do not appear to know anything about any other one.

Leaving aside the Annals about which I propose to speak later, we may mention the following : the *Confession* and *Epistle* of the missioner Patrick are admitted by all to be genuine and authentic documents from the hand of Patrick, writing in the fifth century : they make no

[1] *The Two Patricks* contains the text of a Lecture delivered in Trinity College, Dublin, on 20 March 1942, under the auspices of the Dublin Institute for Advanced Studies, with additional notes.

reference of any kind to another Patrick, and no one has ever suggested that they do. The hymn attributed to Secundinus may be of the fifth century. It purports to have been written in the lifetime of the one Patrick of whom it is a eulogy. A letter of about A.D. 632 refers to *Sanctus Patricius, papa noster.* The colophon in the *Book of Durrow* which is possibly and even probably an immediate copy of the writing of St Colmcille (died before A.D. 600) begins : *Rogo beatitudinem tuam, sancte praesbiter Patrici.* The manuscript itself is dated A.D. 650–700. Adamnan in his *Life of St Columcille,* written about A.D. 680 speaks of *Sanctus Patricius episcopus,* which a thirteenth century manuscript changes to *archiepiscopus.* Finally, the *Antiphonary of Bangor* also written about A.D. 680 gives pride of place to one Patrick who is styled *Sanctus Patricius Magister Scotorum* ; at the end of the hymn in his honour is the invocation : *Patricius Episcopus oret pro nobis.*[1]

It would seem reasonable from these sources to draw the conclusion that in fact in these centuries there was only one Patrick. It is of vital importance to remind the reader here that when the second Patrick makes his appearance, he does so in documents which in our sense of the words know only one Patrick. That, I think, would be admitted by all. It is certainly true of the *Book of Armagh* in so far as that venerable book can be said to have any trace of a second Patrick. It is certainly true of the *Martyrology of Oengus* and of Fiacc's Hymn, and it is none the less true of the Stowe Missal.

There is something very unusual about the second Patrick. He is more than elusive. For some reason, not in any sense evident, he has remained in hiding, a stowaway, for the first three hundred years of his life. When he first appears he has no distinguishing name ; he is ' the other Patrick '. Later he acquires the name *Sen-Phátric.* And later still, to the confusion of his friends and enemies, he gives three addresses on his visiting card : Ros Dela and Armagh in Ireland, and Glastonbury in Britain. His occupation he gives variously as foster-father, bishop, abbot or doorkeeper. Like another Scarlet Pimpernel he appears audaciously, if flittingly, in the very centre of his enemies. Impertinently for a moment here and there he shows himself beside his illustrious and now triumphant rival. He insinuates himself into the very verses which exalt and eulogize his namesake. All this is odd to say the least of it ; for those who take this other Patrick seriously would have us believe that he has been the victim of a deliberate conspiracy of suppression. It is strange that he should only be found in those later texts which expressly profess and proclaim one Patrick, unique apostle of all Ireland.

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[1] *Patrici patris obsecremus merita* occurs in a poem ascribed to Cumméne Fota (†662). The stanza is thought by many to have been interpolated ; but as O'Rahilly uses it in *The Two Patricks,* note 58, we may perhaps add it here.

As the rest of this article will be concerned with written sources it should be said here that perhaps the strongest of all arguments against the theory of two Patricks is the absence of any support for this view from oral tradition. This tradition is unwavering, universal and unequivocal. It knows only one Patrick. As MacNeill once observed : ' No one man has ever left so strong and permanent na impression of his personality on a people, with the single and eminent exception of Moses.'

To avoid confusion I would state here that throughout this article I use the expression ' the second Patrick ' in the sense of a second apostle of that name working in Ireland in the fifth century.

Like the quest for Corvo, the search for the second Patrick is entertaining and instructive. *Ex nihilo nihil fit* is a sound axiom ; but the rise and growth of the second Patrick to the fulness of stature of O'Rahilly's *The Two Patricks* would seem to disprove the notion that something cannot be made out of nothing. O'Rahilly's work ends with the words : ' in future, I suggest, we must bear in mind that we are fortunate in having two saints of the name (Patrick) to reverence, each of whom we may claim as a national apostle '. (*The Two Patricks,* page 46.) It is a bold statement and it is my opinion that rarely in the history of serious scholarship has a thesis so manifestly improbable and critically so weak received so much support. I shall endeavour to justify that judgment in the pages which follow.[1]

It would, I expect, be admitted by all that the historical existence of a second Patrick is founded to a great extent on two expressions, one in Latin, the other in Irish : these are *Senex Patricius* and *Sen-Phátric.* The Latin words are found in the Irish Annals. The Irish *Sen-Phátric* appears once only in sources before or about A.D. 800, that is, in the *Martyrology of Oengus.* I hope to show in this article that neither the Latin nor the Irish expression affords any proof that there was ever a second Patrick.

Senex Patricius

It should first be said that in using the Irish Annals for the period in question the need for extreme care is obvious. The various methods of dating in use at the time make for considerable uncertainty and much confusion. The manuscripts which preserve these annals are all comparatively late. The earliest of them, the *Annals of Inisfallen,* was written shortly before A.D. 1100. The important *Annals of Ulster* are preserved to us in manuscripts of some four hundred years later

[1]For those unfamiliar with the other writings of this great scholar I may add that the critical weakness which I find in *The Two Patricks* is in strong and strange contrast with the very high critical quality which marks the work of O'Rahilly generally.

still. All the Annals go back to some early record or records. The accepted view is that they all derive from a common source which took its definite shape about the middle of the eighth century. It is admitted by all that entries continued to be inserted into the record of the fifth century at a very much later time. Entries in the *Annals of Ulster* in the Irish language for this early time are found to be composed in the language of some four or five hundred years later. The death of such an important person as Dathy (Nath Í), King of Connacht or Ireland, is found at A.D. 427 in some Annals, at A.D. 445 in others. In the case of this considerable divergence O'Rahilly frankly and candidly states : ' The redactors or transcribers of the various Annals have, each in his own way, tampered with the text.' (*Early Irish History and Mythology*, p. 212)

One of the most weighty arguments for the existence of the second Patrick, what is called the chronological proof, is based on these early annalistic records. No such argument can have any validity until the basic chronology of these documents has been satisfactorily established. Not only has that not been done, but the necessary preparatory work has scarcely been begun. In a stimulating chapter of *Early Irish History and Mythology* on the chronology of the Irish annals O'Rahilly showed how involved and how extensive these problems are (p. 235 sq.).

It is in no way easy to establish with scientific certainty the validity of any entry in the Irish Annals of the fifth century ; and it is more difficult still to have any real certainty that the record, though old, is accurately dated. O'Rahilly in *The Two Patricks* selected three entries which he thought we might accept as authentic native Irish contemporary records. They are in Latin and they record natural phenomena. In his *Early Irish History and Mythology* which appeared four years later he had to cancel one of the three entries : *stella crinita apparuit* A.D. 442 because he found it in the Latin chronicle of Marcellinus.

It is necessary now to summarize the facts about the obits of Patrick in the Irish Annals. There are seven sets of Annals in question[1]. One of these, the *Annals of Tigernach*, is defective for the period of the first obit. All the Annals record the death of *Patricius* at least once. Two have a single obit of one Patrick, and one of these is the *Annals of Inisfallen*, our oldest manuscript source. The name in all entries is the same : *Patricius*. Four of the Annals give the obit of a Patrick in two distinct places, approximating to A.D. 461 and A.D. 493. (In the case of the entries referred to A.D. 461, the *Annals of Ulster* have also an entry at A.D. 457 : but all scholars are in agreement that the obits of A.D. 457 and A.D. 461 are of the same person.)

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[1]The *Annales Cambriae* have at A.D. 457 : *Sanctus Patricius ad Dominum migratur.*

The two types of obit are radically different. That of A.D. 461 is found thus :

ANNALS OF ULSTER	(457) :	*Quies senis Patricii ut alii libri dicunt.*
	(461) :	*Hic alii quietem Patrici dicunt.*
ANNALS OF BOYLE :		*Dormitatio sancti senis Patricii.*
CHRONICUM SCOTTORUM :		*Dormitatio sancti senis Patricii episcopi .i. Glosdoniensis ecclesiae.*
ANNALS IN THE BOOK OF LEINSTER :		*Secundinus et senex Patricius quieverunt.*
ANNALS OF INISFALLEN :		*Quies Patricii hi xvi. kl. April anno cccc. xxx. ii* (or *u.*) *a Pasione Domini.*
(461)	(496)	

This last entry from the *Annals of Inisfallen* is placed in a year which corresponds to A.D. 496 ; but it contains in itself a dating from the Passion of the Lord which puts it at A.D. 461. In the *Annals of Boyle* also the later obit carries dating which refers it to A.D. 461.

The obit in the four Annals which give the second distinct entry c. 493 is radically different from that of A.D. 461 and that of the *Annals of Inisfallen.* It has the same form in four cases.[1] In this obit of A.D. 493 Patrick is styled : *archiepiscopus Scottorum,* or *Hibernensium.* The day of his death is given (*xvi Kal. Apr.*), and his age as 120 years (twice), 109 years and 122 years. Further the *Annals of Ulster* add the information that he had laboured for sixty years in Ireland.[2]

Do those entries record the death of one or of two men ? Surely if any pre-existent idea of two Patricks is left aside, and if the ordinary canons of historical criticism are applied we have here different obits of one man.

First, the *Annals of Inisfallen,* the earliest manuscript source, have only one entry. It is in the form of the obits of 461, but it is displaced. It has its own dating which tells us that it belongs to A.D. 461. In a word it has been moved either by error or more probably by design.

Secondly, the *Annals of Ulster* at A.D. 457 record the death of *Senex Patricius,* and at A.D. 461 they record the death of the same man, whom they now call *Patricius.* In other words for the man who first made these entries *Patricius* and *Senex Patricius* were the same.

Thirdly, four of the five entries referable to A.D. 493 (or five out of six if we add the evidence of the *Annals of Clonmacnoise*), give Patrick the title of *archiepiscopus.*[2] At the very earliest this is a term which could not have been used for at least two hundred years after the death of Patrick. The title *archiepiscopus* does not appear in any of the Irish

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[1]The *Book of Leinster* has : *Patricius Scottorum episcopus quieuit.*

[2]The *Annals of Ulster* have *archipostolus* with *uel archiepiscopus et apostolus* interlined in the old hand A.; at A.D. 491 these Annals have again a second entry : *Dicunt Scoiti hic Patricium archiepiscopum defunctum.*

Annals for more than five hundred years after the death of Patrick. The earliest use of it I have noted is in the *Life of Brigid* by Cogitosus. Very significantly the title *archiepiscopus* is not given to Patrick in the ninth century *Book of Armagh,* except in the latest portion, the 'Liber Angeli'. The statement that *Patricius archiepiscopus* died in 493 is exactly parallel to a record which would tell us that King James (destination : the Boyne) arrived in Dublin in A.D. 1690 by Aer Lingus Viscount.

Fourthly, at a date approximately one hundred years after A.D. 461, three of the Annals which have the A.D. 493 obit record the hundred years from the death of Patrick. One of these is the *Annals of Ulster,* which for full measure, with those of Tigernach, record again the second hundred years *a morte Patricii,* again referring to the obit of A.D. 461. This should be decisive unless the sources are to be distorted in favour of pre-conceived theories. Those entries at a place a hundred years after Patrick's death are either genuine or fraudulent. If they are genuine, they show forth one Patrick and one death of Patrick ; if they are fraudulent, who entered them, and when was this done, and to what purpose ? Even O'Rahilly does not suggest that the conspiracy to smother the lesser Patrick had begun as early as A.D. 561. This annalistic witness to one Patrick with only one genuine obit (that of A.D. 461) is powerfully confirmed by the fact that Tírechán independently gives A.D. 461 as the year of the death of Patrick. (*Lib. Arm.* fol. 9a.)

Fifthly, I referred already to the proof from chronology. In this proof one '*presbyter Maucteus* or *Mochta* (ob. 535 or 537)' plays an important rôle. His late date causes trouble for he was a disciple of Patrick. How do we know that this man was a disciple of Patrick ? Because the same annalistic entry which tells us that he died in A.D. 535 tells us that he styled himself so : *sic ipse scripsit in epistola sua, Maucteus peccator prespter, sancti Patricii discipulus, in Domino salutem.* There is a ring of genuineness about that entry. But what perversity to cite this entry as a proof for two Patricks ! If the entry is authentic, if it belongs to the early sixth century, it is perhaps the earliest independent witness we have for one Patrick. The expression *sancti Patricii discipulus* used in an annalistic record of A.D. 535 is historical proof that at that time and at the time the letter was written people knew only one *sanctus Patricius.* No problem of chronology arising from this entry can take away that fact. The significance of the record of Mochta is obvious. Mochta, the disciple of Patrick, is remarkable precisely because he lived until the year 535. The letter is cited in the Annals as proof that he was a disciple of Patrick. Further the advocates of the two Patrick theory seem to have overlooked the fact that this same Mochta is cited in the *Annals of Ulster* as the authority for an event chronicled in A.D. 471 : *ut Maucteus dicit.* This incidentally is a valuable indication of the sources of the fifth-century Irish annalistic records. For the event of A.D. 432

the Annals of Ulster appeal to the authority of Bede, Marcellinus and Isidore.

Sixthly, it is strange that in the course of the study of what is called the Patrick problem, it is the earlier obit which has been so often queried. Yet, by any textual and historical criticism it is the older and more evidently authentic entry. In form it is what we might expect a fifth century obit to be. The words *quies* and *dormitatio* are old and elsewhere attested for this century. With the exception of the day of his death which is given in the *Annals of Inisfallen*, nothing is added to the record of the Saint's death, in contrast with the longer form in the later obits.

Seventhly, the Annals preserved in the *Book of Leinster*[1] have the two obits. The obit corresponding to the year 493 is immediately followed by the record of the death of Cormac, the first abbot of Armagh (*Cormac primus abbas*). Within half-a-dozen lines of that entry in those Annals there is entered the death of *Ailill primus* (MS. .i.) who was also abbot of Armagh ; but those who have created the second Patrick from these Annals have overlooked the fact that *Ailill primus* is so called precisely because there was a second Ailill, also abbot of Armagh, whose death is recorded in these same Annals twenty years later. He is *Ailill secundus* (MS. *Ailill .ii. abbas Aird Macha*), written in full in *LL.* 42 c. *Ailill secundus* where there is specific reference to the two Ailills : *donda Ailill.* The Chronological Tract in the *Lebor Brecc* calls the first Ailill specifically *in cetna Ailill, abb Aird Macha.* (*LB.* 220.) It is almost as if the annalist protests and declares that if he wanted to distinguish between two different Patricks he was quite capable of doing so. At A.D. 473 the *Annals of Ulster* distinguish between two Roman emperors of the same name. The text calls them *Leo senior* and *Leo junior.*

Eighthly, if the obit of A.D. 493 is that of a second missioner called Patrick, it must be admitted that he did not over-exert himself. Between A.D. 461 and A.D. 493 the Annals have no record of any act of any Patrick.

Ninthly, the A.D. 493 obit in the *Annals of Ulster* tells us that the man whose obit it is had been sixty years in Ireland. In other words this authority itself rejects the notion that it is the obit of a different Patrick.

The most serious difficulty which faces those who wish to have their two Patricks is that presented by the *Annals of Boyle* (also called the *Cottonian Annals*) and the *Annals of Inisfallen* where the obit entered *circa* A.D. 493 carries a dating internal to the record itself which refers the obit to the year 461. I present here the words in which O'Rahilly meets this vital difficulty. In note 23 to *The Two Patricks* with reference to the *Annals of Boyle* and the *Annals of Inisfallen* he writes :

> Evidently the redactor who extracted these scanty annals from an earlier and much fuller compilation omitted the 461 entry in the belief

[1]These ' Annals ' in the *Book of Leinster* are not really annals at all. As is the case with most of the entries, the obits of Patrick have no date of any kind attached to them.

that it falsely claimed to be the obit, not of *Senex Patricius*, but of the later *Patricius* but, unwilling to discard the Mundane and Passion datings which he found under 461, he transferred them to the later obit, without realising that they were inconsistent with their new position. The scribe of the *Annals of Inisfallen*, or perhaps some predecessor of his, committed a similar error. Notoriously given to abbreviating his exemplar, he omitted the two obits of the elder *Patricius* (457 and 461) ; but a little later on, when the time comes to enter the death of the later *Patricius*, he does so as follows : *Quies Patricii hi xvi. Kl. April anno cccc. xxxii a Pasione Domini* where the Passion date with some emendation can be equated with A.D. 461.

I hesitate to comment on this. It is not so much historical criticism as psycho-analysis *in distans*. Obviously O'Rahilly is annoyed. The sentence which begins with the adverb ' evidently ' is a series of propositions none of which is evident or could be so. O'Rahilly not only knows what the annalist did, but why he did it. My sympathy is with the redactor of the Annals who is charged with duplicity, laziness and stupidity.

All the evidence then points to the truth that the annalistic entries of A.D. 461 and 493 refer to the same person. Why is it then that so many have seen in them the obits of two persons ? The answer is that the word *senex* in the first obit has been consistently misunderstood, first perhaps in the eighth century and more so in our time. First of all, *senex* can mean simply old ; but *senex* does not mean *older* and does not at all involve the notion of a contrast with someone younger. There is, as far as I know, no other example in the Irish Annals or other Irish sources of the use of *senex* to distinguish one person from another. In the *Martyrology of Tallaght* on 29 December we find *Uinniauii senis*. I will refer to this entry later.

With alarming regularity the epithet *senex* has been translated ' older ' or ' elder ', or ' old ' but then invariably with the implication that ' old Patrick ' was so called to distinguish him from someone else. With the conviction which comes from unchallenged repetition, *senex* has silently become *senior* as in O'Rahilly's writings. And the older Patrick in the course of time inevitably begets a hermeneutic offspring, the youthful horror, *Patricius Junior*.

A good principle of historical and textual criticism is to determine the precise meaning of a word in the context of the time in which it is used. That is the more important in proportion to the weight which is laid upon any word in historical proof. It never seems to have occurred to anyone to ask whether *senex* in the fifth century might have, as applied to an ecclesiastic, a meaning other than that given in school text-books.

The word *senex* is used in the four obituary entries in the Annals. In two of these no other title of any kind is added. The mystery of *senex Patricius* might disappear if *senex* should prove to be an ecclesiastical

title. And, of course, that is precisely what it is. The standard collections of late Latin usage, Du Cange for instance, immediately provide abundant and interesting citations. The word *senex* in the sense of a bishop who claims primacy by virtue of seniority is a commonplace of fifth-century usage. The definition of this usage which Du Cange places first under the head-word *Senex* is as follows : *Senes uel Senes Episcopi in Africa dicti Episcopi promotionis aetate caeteris antiquiores, qui eo nomine Primates erant : quorum Sedes Prima vocabatur.* The *senex* or *senex episcopus* was then one who claimed a primacy for himself and his see by virtue of his seniority. One fifth-century Council of Carthage was concerned about the affairs of these *Senes*, and its proceedings speak of *Xantippus Sanctus Senex* (can. 57) and *Sanctus Senex Donatianus* (can. 94). Another Council of Carthage in A.D. 421 was addressed by *Aurelius Senex*, also called *Aurelius episcopus.* (Mansi iv, col. 447.)

St Augustine frequently uses *senex* in this sense. He writes a joint letter with seven other bishops ; at the head of the bishops is *Sylvanus Senex*. The Pope, Innocent the First, heads an epistle : *Silvano seni, Valentino et caeteris qui in Milevitana synodo interfuerunt dilectissimis fratribus, in Domino salutem.* (*Ep.* 182.) St Augustine in a letter to the Pope Celestine who sent Palladius to Ireland uses the term *sanctus senex* of a bishop-primate.

Beside *senex* in the fifth century *senior* was also used as a technical ecclesiastical term. It meant an abbot or *praepositus monasterii.* In this sense *senex* could also be used. The Patrician scholars who have built so much on *senex* meaning 'older' should blush when they read the words of Peter Abelard (and blush the more so because I take them from Du Cange) : *Qui Sanctorum vitas scripserunt, quos nunc Abbates dicimus, Senes vocabant* (Epis. 8). One example of *senior* in the sense of abbot from the fifth century has special relevance here. Caesarius of Arles in a sermon says : *Dura tibi videntur praecepta Senioris : quanto tibi duriora erunt consilia deceptoris ?* These words were addressed *ad monachos Lerinenses* (Serm. 7). An old monastic set of rules, Regula Monachorum, probably of the fifth century, states : *in monasterio seniores sint duo.* (Migne, PL. 50, 374.)

There is abundant evidence that this usage of *senior* and *senex* was received and established in Ireland ; St Patrick himself in his *Confession* uses the word *seniores* in the sense of bishops or ecclesiastical superiors. In the Latin lives of Irish saints the word *senior* is a commonplace word for a monastic superior. In the Rule of St Columban *senior* is a technical term for one holding monastic authority. It is of interest to note that Du Cange cites the use of *senior* by Columbanus in the sense of one holding high authority as the origin of the word for Christ, the Lord, in the Romance languages : ' Sed et *Seniorem* Christum vocat S. Columbanus, quem vulgo alii *Dominum :* quomodo nos etiam dicimus

nostre Seigneur '. More to the point in the Latin lives of Irish saints is the constantly recurring use of *senior* and *senex* as an obvious title of dignity. It could be rendered by the word ' venerable '. I have noted from Plummer's *Vitae Sanctorum Hiberniae* the use of *senex* or *senior* or both with the following saints : Patricius, Senanus, Carthagus, Abbanus, Ilundus, Edus, Colingus, Ailbeus, Finianus, Declanns, Cronanus, Comgallus, David, Maedhog, Molyng, Molua, Ruadhanus.[1] Adamnan speaks of sanctus senior Columba, noster senior Columba (Vita. 2, 72). The Stowe Missal in the Canon of the Mass has senior noster, N. praespiter. One of the Irish canons attributed to St Patrick, has : *senes sapientes et sobrios consiliarios habere* (Wasserschleben XXIV).

Muirchu in the *Book of Armagh* speaks of *seniorem . . . . Segitium prespiterum* into whose charge Patrick was given by St Germanus. In the Irish life of Patrick in the *Book of Lismore* this *senior* becomes *senoir sruith . . . Egedius prespiter.* In the Latin *Life of Patrick* by Probus (probably tenth century) Segitius has been given another rôle and we get a new saint, *Sanctus Senior.* This is a remarkable and interesting parallel to the evolution of the new saint, the second Patrick, from a similar misunderstanding of the *senex* of *Senex Patricius.* One version of the Vita Tripartita cited by Ussher (*Works* vi, p. 396) tells us that Patrick was consecrated bishop by a *sanctus senior episcopus.* This life refers to him then as *ille senior sanctus* and continues : *S. Patricius gradum episcopalem ab illo sanctissimo sene episcopo accepit.*[2]

The word in the Irish language corresponding to *senior* and perhaps also *senex* is *sruith.* The word *sruith* in secular literature frequently expresses the idea of eminence rather than that of antiquity. Like many other words which had a technical meaning it is clearly used in a looser way in later sources. It is often translated by *sage.* In ecclesiastical documents it does not imply seniority in years which is expressed by the word *senóir,* but seniority in religious life and in authority. In the *Martyrology of Oengus* it is used at November 2 of St Patrick : *sruith-apstal ar tíre, Pátric primdae áge* which is rendered by Stokes: 'The senior of our land's apostles, Patrick, a primal pillar '. We will see later that at 24 August Patrick is referred to as *sruith* without qualification. At 28 May St Germanus is called *grían ar sruthe* ' the sun of our *seniores* ', and *aite Pátric Mache* ' tutor of Patrick of Armagh ' (Stokes), glossed .i. *maigistir Patraic.* One other instance of *sruith* : the chronological tract from the *Lebor Brecc* (p. 220) has a quatrain giving the number of priests

[1]The Latin lives of the Irish Saints are late, but they do preserve many old elements. The extraordinary frequency in them of the title *senex* and *senior* is surprising. No use of an Irish equivalent is found commonly in the Irish lives. It is a matter that requires further study.

[2]In the place-names Sendomnach and Senchill I suspect that *sen-* may render *senex.* In the Book of Armagh we find the two strange forms *aecclesiam senes* and *cellam senes* where *senes* may be for *senis,* the church of *senex Patricius.*

nd bishops ordained by Patrick : beside the old word *crumther* for riests, we find *sanct sruthepscop* (gen. pl.) for the bishops. This is translated y Stokes : ' saintly aged bishops '. In the text of the *Amra of Colmcille ruith* is joined with *magister muintere* i.e. the *magister* of a community.

I would not suggest that these instances of *sruith* could be used to rove anything ; but, like other words with evident technical meaning, he word should be examined closely. There is little evidence of such tudy amongst the protagonists of the two-Patrick theory. In note 41 o *The Two Patricks* we read :

> Here, at last, I suggest we are on the bedrock of historical truth. We may dismiss the idea that Patrick himself was ever bishop of Armagh, for in that case Cormac would not have been *primus abbas* (' abbot ' and ' bishop ' meant the same thing).

he words in the brackets seem to me to be indescribably naïve. I enture to say that nowhere in Christendom at any time did ' abbot ' nd ' bishop ' mean the same thing. The two offices might be com- ined in the same person. To make such a dogmatic and unsupported tatement as O'Rahilly does here is irresponsible.[1]

Patrick in the Epistle to the subjects of Coroticus calls himself *piscopus*. It is worth noting that in the earlier stratum of words borrowed nto Irish *episcopus* is not included. We have *Coithrige* from *Patricius, ruimther* from *praesbyter* and *axal* from *apostolus*[2], but no borrowing of *piscopus* until later. It would have been a difficult word for the Irish peakers who changed *Patricius* to *Coithrige*. It may not be an accident hen that Patrick's obit uses the word *senex*. It may not be an accident hat the earliest records speak, not of *Patricius episcopus,* but of *papa noster, eatitudo tua, praesbyter, magister, pater noster*. The earliest of these *papa* neans a bishop and in that sense was in common use in the fifth century. he formula *beatitudo tua,* regularly mistranslated up to now, is another ommonplace title of respect in the fifth century ; and *praesbyter* at he same time was regularly used of bishops.

Patricius Senior, not to mention *Patricius Junior,* is wholly unknown n early Irish sources. They do not appear for over a thousand years fter Patrick's death. They do not belong to history but, as we shall ee, to mythology. The same holds for ' the elder Patrick ' and ' the

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[1]As an example of the care required in the assessment of the value of such entries in the rish Annals in the fifth century it would be difficult to find a better instance. This record ells us that Cormac was *primus abbas* of Armagh. The editors of the *Irish Liber Hymnorum* eject the authenticity of a hymn attributed to a sixth-century Irish saint because amongst ther words it contains the word *abbas*. (*Lib. Hymn.* II. 221.)

[2]For *axal* as an early Irish borrowing of *apostolus* see Binchy's note in *Ériu* vol. xviii, p. 164.

younger Patrick' except that they do not make their bow until about fourteen hundred years after Patrick's death.

To sum up, *senex* does not mean the older of two. The complement of *junior* is *senior,* not *senex*. To build an important historical argument on *senex* in the sense of the older of two is to build on a mistranslation of a Latin word ; and the error is vital, though of an elementary nature. On the contrary it would seem probable that the word *senex* has here one of the specifically ecclesiastical meanings which we see that it had in the century at issue. Obviously it could mean simply old ; but that is perhaps less probable. The false obit of A.D. 493 practically proclaims its motive. In all cases it tells us of Patrick's great age—120 years or thereabouts. He was like to Moses, the *Book of Armagh* tells us, and Moses lived for 120 years.

SEN-PHÁTRIC

Sen-Phátric, apparently the Irish equivalent of *Senex Patricius,* made his appearance later. *Sen-Phátric* as a second apostle of the Irish is an even more patent fraud than his elder Latin counterpart.

It is, I think, safe to say that the term *Sen-Phátric* occurs once, and once only in any Irish document or context that can be dated before A.D. 900. Widely used for the purpose of multiplying Patricks, the instances of it which occur after A.D. 900 are in glosses on two old Irish poems ; in one of these, the *Martyrology of Oengus,* the sole occurrence of *Sen-Phátric* in old Irish is found ; the other is Fiacc's Hymn which mentions 'the other Patrick', and 'the other Patrick' in glosses of a later time on this poem becomes *Sen-Phátric.*

The Middle-Irish glosses on early Irish texts are notoriously unreliable, and nowhere more so than in the glosses on the earlier material concerning the lives of the Irish saints. From the same source as the glosses which are used to give flesh and blood to the ghost of *Senex Patricius* (alias *Sen-Phátric,* alias 'the other Patrick') the scholar may learn the name of the place in the Co. Kerry where Gregory the Great came from, or he may read the edifying story of how the great king Constantine left his seven castles and his seven queens to settle down to the peace of religious life on the banks of the river Claddagh in Rahan, Offaly.

The case for a second Patrick in so far as it rests on the name *Sen-Phátric* must stand or fall on the evidence of the reputable old-Irish *Martyrology of Oengus* composed about the year 800. *Sen-Phátric* appears in this calendar on 24 August.

The matter is important and I submit that the identity of this *Sen-Phátric* should not rest, as it seems to have done up to now, on the uncritical repetition of the fifty-year-old English translation of the couplet in which the name occurs.

The identity of *Sen-Phátric* should be sought in a critical examination of the use and meaning of words in their context, in the internal evidence afforded by the text itself, and in the light thrown on this entry by a comparison of the text of this Martyrology with the text of the other Martyrologies which derive largely from the same sources.

The couplet in question is :

Sen-Phatric cing catha
coemaite ar srotha,

which Stokes translates : ' Patrick Senior, a champion of battle, the dear fosterer of our sage '. O'Rahilly changes *senior* to the less ambiguous ' elder ' and renders the text thus : ' the elder Patrick, dear fosterer of our sage '. This is the first time in any record that the two Patricks are brought into any kind of relationship with one another during their respective life-times. The ' dear fosterer ' of the English translation suggests an intimate relationship, perhaps even on Irish soil. But the Irish word *aite* need not mean anything of the kind. Like *sruith* it is an important word in Irish religious tradition. It is glossed by the Latin *magister* in more than one place. In the *Martyrology of Oengus* itself, St Germanus (of Auxerre) is called *aite Patric Mache*. This is at 28 May because the Martyrology confused two saints Germanus. In the Epilogue (65) Oengus gives the title *aite* to Mael-Ruain (A.D. 792) abbot of the Monastery of Tallaght. The feminine equivalent of *aite* is *muimme*, and St Íte is styled the foster mother of Jesus Christ. The statement, then, that *Sen-Phátric* is the ' dear fosterer ' of St Patrick need not be taken in too literal a way.

In the absence of any evidence, it would seem most reasonable to accept *Sen-Phátric* as the equivalent of *Senex Patricius*. The Irish expression may be old, and the meaning of the prefix *Sen-* in this name would seem to suggest that it is. The prefix *Sean-* before Christian names is very common in Modern Irish. It means often the older as distinct from the younger of two who have the same name.

I regret that I have not had time to examine sufficiently as yet the use of the prefix *sen-* in the earlier language ; but my investigation of its appearance in ecclesiastical contexts would go to show a difference in usage between the earlier and the later language. In the earlier period it is very rare ; and there is reason to believe that the later meaning attached to this prefix is not unassociated with the idea that *Sen-Phátric* meant another Patrick. We can trace the development of that idea from about A.D. 800. I will give here in a summary way some of the evidence.

Leaving aside the *Martyrology of Donegal* which was composed in

Modern Irish by Mícheál Ó Cléirigh[1] in the seventeenth century, amongst the many hundreds of Irish saints commemorated in the other Irish martyrologies, the prefix *sen-* is found with only two names, one of which is Patrick[2]. The prefix *sen-* in those cases is found only in the metrical *Martyrology of Oengus*. These martyrologies were much glossed at a later period, and in these glosses for the first time we find the notion of two saints of the same name with the distinguishing qualifications of *sen-* and *óg*. Further the idea of coupling two saints of the same name is clearly a new fashion. Oengus writing about A.D. 800 does not do this at all, whereas the pages of the *Martyrology of Gorman* (twelfth century) are full of two Colmans (there are three different pairs of these), two Nessáns, two Foeláns and so on. But the *Martyrology of Oengus* has fortunately been preserved in some ten manuscripts. In two places at least, 26 March and 28 September, we can see in the divergent readings of the manuscripts the very growth of the two-saint formula. The instances are in the case of saints who elsewhere have the prefix *sen-* or its Latin equivalent, *senex*, namely *sen-Shinchell* and *Uinniauius senex*.

The saints of early Ireland were distinguished ordinarily by the addition of the name of their monasteries e.g. Brénaind Cluana Ferta and Brénaind Birra, Ciarán Saigre and Ciarán Cluana (mic Nóis) and the like. In fact Ciarán of Saigir is one of the very few saints who have the prefix *sen-*, and this brings us to its meaning.

Sen- was not prefixed to Christian names in order to distinguish an older from a younger holder of the same name. It would be found a hundred or more times if it had ordinarily been so used[3]. The prefix carries with it the idea of primacy. It has the same force as *senex*. It is found, for example, in a gloss on a hymn in the *Irish Liber Hymnorum* (I, 184) where it signifies the patriarchs and the twelve Apostles. The substantivated form is found in the plural on 31 March in the *Martyrology of Gorman : na sin maithe a Murmaig*, where it corresponds to the singular *senioris Murmaige* on the same day in the *Martyrology of Tallaght*. In early Irish with *athair* the prefix does not usually mean ' grandfather ', but rather ' remote or first progenitor '. In the tenth-century *Saltair na Rann* Adam is called our *senathair*. The *Lebor Brecc* (151 b 20) links *sruith* with *senathair* in the phrase *bar sruthi ocus bar senaithre*. Ciarán of Saigir is called Sen-Chiarán. He was the doyen of Irish saints, *sinnser nóem Erenn* (*Fél. Oeng.* gloss p. 88) : His collect begins : *Deus qui B. Kieranum pontificem ante alios sanctos in Hiberniae insulam misisti* . . . .

[1]Mícheál O Cléirigh's only tribute to the second Patrick is a respectful silence.

[2]There is a Senbeirech in the calendars, but I am not sure that his name contains the prefix *sen-*.

[3]It is difficult to find Saints who are the single example of any one Irish name. There are scores of Colmans, and there are dozens of saints with four or five or more of the same name. It is significant that there is no other unambiguous Patrick.

(*A.S.* mar. 1 ; VSH. I, liv.). The *prespiter Mochta* who, as we have seen, claimed to be a disciple of St Patrick, in the Irish life of Colmcille in the Book of Lismore, is called *Sen-Mochta* and at the same time is described as *sinnser shacart Eirenn* ' doyen of Ireland's priests '.[1] Ninnian, the apostle of the Picts of North Britain, would seem to be another to whom the title *senex* was given (Cf. *Martyrologies of Gorman and Tallaght*, 25 July).

I have already said that beside *Sen-Phátric* only one other saint in the Irish martyrologies has the prefix *sen-* and this instance occurs in the same text, namely the *Martyrology of Oengus*. This other example must of its nature be of supreme value in determining the precise meaning of the prefix. It is well-attested, occurring four times: in the prologue, in the epilogue and twice in the calendar. The name is *Sen-Phól* and the saint is Paul the first hermit, *primus eremita,* the epithet which has been attached to his name from the earliest times to the present day. It is understandable that Stokes over fifty years ago should have rendered *Sen-Phátric* in this text by *Patrick Senior* ; but, to say the least of it, it is uncritical in a matter of much consequence to accept and to use as a historical proof a manifestly faulty translation. If *Sen-Phátric* means the elder of two Patricks, *Sen-Phól* in the same text should mean the elder of two Pauls ; it clearly does not ; in fact the name bears no relation either to the earlier Paul the Apostle, or to any other Paul. In the *Book of Leinster* the *Martyrology of Tallaght* has on 19 January written between the lines but in the same hand as the text of the Martyrology, the following entry : *Pauli senis heremitae.* We have here a perfect parallel to the *senis Patricii* of the Annals.

The Evidence of the Martyrologies :

The confusion about the other Patrick is another example of inadequate and slovenly use of historical sources. O'Rahilly cites only two of the relevant martyrologies. We shall examine critically the text and context of the two martyrologies, that of Oengus and that of Tallaght, on which O'Rahilly relies. As we have seen he cites the witness of Oengus with an incorrect English translation. In note 25

[1]There is a *Sinell* who seems to have been confused with *Sinchell,* and the latter may have his prefix *sen-* from the former ; of this I am not sure. Sinell was Patrick's first convert. The Secunda Vita S. Patricii says : Sinell . . . . primus ex gente Scotorum baptizatus est (Tr. Thaum. 13). It is worthy of note that Colgan observes as follows : *S. Sinellus cognomento Senex . . . . Ubi duo sunt observanda . . . . Secundum est, quod Sinellus cognomento dictus est Senex, vel ratione aetatis, vel quia primus credentium in sua Patria post aduentum Patricii, vel denique quia fuit senior quodam alio Sinello* . . . Clearly Colgan paid more attention to the meaning of words than some of the Patrician scholars of later times. In later times when the original meaning of the prefix *sen-* was no longer appreciated saints like Ciaran of Saigir and Mochta were credited with fabulous ages, in their cases in fact as much as three or four hundred years.

of *The Two Patricks* he calls the *Martyrology of Tallaght* to witness. I cite his words and note that he gives the text only in English :

> The elder Patricius may have had a special connexion with Ros Dela i.e. Rostalla in the parish of Durrow, in the extreme south of Westmeath. . . . At the same day (Aug. 24) the *Martyrology of Tallaght* has : ' Patricius, abbot and bishop of Ros Dela; Patricius, *ostiarius* and abbot of Armagh.' Here (for there is no reason to suppose that the second ' Patricius ' is a later addition) the compiler must have drawn upon two sources, one of which described Patricius as ' of Ros Dela ', the other as ' abbot of Armagh '. See Note 41, below, for the alleged connexion of the elder Patricius with Armagh. Whether the elder Patricius actually died on August 24 is another matter ; as d'Arbois de Jubainville has pointed out, the date may have been suggested by the fact that a Gallic Patricius is commemorated on that day in the Hieronymian Martyrology. (*The Two Patricks,* p. 58).

This treatment of the evidence of the martyrologies is incredibly uncritical. Besides the two martyrologies cited there are to be taken into account the *Martyrology of Gorman* and the *Drummond Calendar.* All these documents are based on earlier sources in the form of a martyrology of Christian saints to which the specifically Irish saints have been added. A cursory examination of these martyrologies in relation to their sources would have been sufficient to disperse the mystery surrounding the Patrick whose feast is celebrated on 24 August.[1]

We have already seen the Irish couplet in Oengus which calls the saint of this day *Sen-Phátric.* The preceding couplet of the stanza for 24 August commemorates Zenobius and his companions. The first entry in the *Hieronymian Martyrology* for 24 August is : In Antiochia, natalis sanctorum Zenobii, Emeritae, Italicae, Juniani, Julii. Further, in the twenty-four days of August from 1st to the 24th there are in the *Martyrology of Oengus* precisely twenty-four saints all of whom are taken in strict and accurate rotation from the *Hieronymian Martyrology.* After Zenobius and some others comes in this *Hieronymian Martyrology* the entry : *Neverno civitate, depositio Patricii abbatis.* There is certainly no mystery about this Patrick other than the mystery that reputable scholars should turn to late and unreliable glosses and the like while they neglect to look at the sources of the documents from which they draw evidence. The sin here is the more grave in that Oengus himself, the author of this Martyrology, cites in his Epilogue (l. 139) as one of his sources the *Hieronymian Martyrology* which he calls *andgraib Hironimi.*

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[1]The *Drummond Calendar* which is based upon the *Martyrology of Oengus* has for August 24 : *In Britannia natale sancti Patricii episcopi et confessoris.* On August 24 the *Martyrology of Gorman,* which ordinarily does not give Irish saints a Latin form has simply *Patricius* without further detail. This Martyrology on March 17 celebrates *Patraicc apstol Herend.*

Only the *Martyrology of Tallaght* remains. I have cited O'Rahilly's words ; but let us see the entry as it is in the original :

> Zenoni. Iulii. Italicae. Capitolini. Genobii. Emeritae. Iunillae. Genesi. Partholomei. Zenoui. Magenoli.
>
> Patricii abbatis et episcopi Ruis Dela. Patricii hostiarii et abbatis Aird Macha. Gelldarii. Faelani. Segini. Abbain.

This Martyrology always separates the non-Irish from the Irish saints. All the Latin names in the first section come from this compiler's Latin sources. That he took *Patricius* from the same list and moved him down amongst the Irish is obvious ; for he did his work badly ; he brought another non-Irish saint with him—a bit of tell-tale plaster sticking to the piece extracted, a glaring and too-easy clue. *Gelldarii* in the form *Geldardi* is next to *Patricii* in the Latin non-Irish manuscript sources. In other words the *Patricius* of the *Martyrology of Tallaght* is no second apostle of Ireland, no ' other Patrick '. He is a patent intruder ; patent, because he has brought his foreign friend, Geldardus, along with him.

This *Patricius* appears in two disguises. The first is still partly effective. It is evident where the *Patricius* has come from. Having been promoted into the list of Irish saints, inevitably he is provided with an Irish address. Ros Dela has no known connection otherwise either with this or any other Patrick. The puzzle of Ros Dela will be solved some day. It is not a serious problem ; it belongs probably to the world of myth and invention, the irresponsible world of the medieval Irish glossators. This *Martyrology of Tallaght* is probably the oldest of the Irish calendars ; but it is of supreme consequence to keep in mind that in the course of the three hundred and fifty years between the time of its composition (circa A.D. 800) and the earliest manuscript (circa A.D. 1150), additions were made ; and amongst these additions there are not a few which are found, not in the *text* of the other Irish calendars, but in the *later glosses* on those texts. The editors of the *Martyrology of Tallaght* accept the view of Colgan that the latest name occurring in the list of saints is Coirpre of Clonmacnoise who died in A.D. 899. They seem to have overlooked the entry on 11 April of Senior mac Mael Da Lua, whose obit is in the *Annals of Inisfallen* at A.D. 1095.

We may attend now to the second entry in the *Martyrology of Tallaght* on 24 August : *Patricii hostiarii et abbatis Aird Macha.* O'Rahilly (note 25) renders this : ' Patricius, *ostiarius* and abbot of Armagh '. Of it he says : ' there is no reason to suppose that the second " Patricius " is a later addition '. There certainly is not, for there is no second *Patricius* here at all. This is a good example of the strange tendency of Patricks to multiply, of the *vera creatio*, the making of something

out of nothing. *Patricii hostiarii* means (the feast of) Patrick's doorkeeper. We know two saints who claim the title *Patricii ostiarius*. The first is a well-known and venerated saint, Patrick's first convert, the same Sinell of whom we have heard something already. His name, Sinell, and his profession, *ostiarius*, Irish *astire*, are commemorated in the *Book of Leinster* (353 d 45) and the *Book of Lecan* (fol. 44). His sainthood is vouched for by the *Martyrology of Tallaght* where his feast is given on 12 January. And all three documents give the further detail that he came from Cell Airiss in the county Cork. The second *ostiarius* of Patrick who is found in the lists of saints is Lomman of Trim. He appears in the *Martyrology of Tallaght* on 17 February, and the gloss which is added has the same form as the entry for 24 August : *Loman i nAth Truim cum sociis .i. Patricii hostiari*[*i*]. Of such stuff are other Patricks made. The evidence then afforded by the two entries in the *Martyrology of Tallaght* is clear. The two Patricks in this calendar on 24 August are not new apostles of Ireland. They are displaced persons.

It may help readers unfamiliar with the activities of Irish scribes and glossators of this period to give a few other examples of their ingenuity. The *Hieronymian Martyrology* on 31 March commemorates a Saint Anesius from Africa. The Irish glossators liked him for some reason, and the *Lebor Brecc* declares him to have been a splendid martyr (*martir optimus*) from Enach Dairen in Offaly ; in another manuscript his sex is altered and he becomes a nun. On 18 April the same Martyrology has : *In Salona civitate natalis sanctorum Septimi diaconi, Victurici.* With a hearty disregard for Latin grammar one Irish glossator celebrates seven noble deacons ; another more advanced in the Roman tongue says that Septimus is a proper name, but goes on to identify his Septimus with an Irishman, whose pedigree he traces back for eleven generations ; a third identifies the seven saints in question, seven good Irishmen, headed very appropriately by a bishop, *escop Brannaib*. One last example, there was a worthy Irish abbot in Glenn Uissen, now Killeshin near the town of Carlow. He had the misfortune to bear the name Muirgein ' born of the sea '. The Irish glossators turn this Muirgein of the Martyrologies into a woman and relate of her the exciting story that after she had spent three hundred years submerged in the waters of Lough Neagh, the boatman of St Comgall of Bangor, took her in his nets. He brought her to Comgall who baptized her, and straightway she went to heaven.

Not much is known of St Patrick of the Nièvre. His date is uncertain, perhaps of the sixth century. The tradition of him in the Nièvre was strong enough to preserve his name in two places, Saint-Parize-le-Châtel and Saint-Parize-en-Viry. *Pátric* has become *Páraig* in some Irish dialects. The same loss of the dental before *r* occurred in French. A document of A.D. 886 speaks of *Abbatia Sancti Patricii inter Ligerim*

et Alericum fluvios, that is between the Loire and the Allier. (A.S. Nov. Suppl. to Mart. p. 463.)

The Hymn of Fiacc

The only other reference to the other Patrick in early Irish sources is in the Hymn of Fiacc, composed probably a little before A.D. 800. It is a lengthy eulogy of the Patrick of tradition. The second last verse says : ' When Patrick departed he went to the other Patrick. Together they rose to Jesus, Mary's Son.'[1] In the light of what we have seen, one need not say much about that. There was another Patrick, St Patrick of the Nièvre, and very suitably they went to heaven together. It is interesting to note that a gloss of perhaps a century later identifies this man with *Sen-Phátric,* and it tells an interesting thing which I hold over for a moment. A second gloss is introduced by the formula of doubt : *dicunt alii* : those others say that the remains of *Sen-Phátric* are in Ros Dela. And this is followed by the allied formula of uncertainty : *sed uerius est,* and what is more true is that they are in Glastonbury. But it is the first gloss which is interesting. It tells us that ' Patrick the son of Calpurn promised *Sen-Phátric* that they would go to heaven together ; and they say that from the eighteenth of March till the twenty-third of August in the end of the first month of autumn, Patrick with angels about him was awaiting *Sen-Phátric* '. It is not necessary to belabour the obvious. There was a second Patrick, the one to whom the Hymn of Fiacc refers ; he was known to the Irish of the eighth century from the *Hieronymian Martyrology* and his feast was on the twenty-fourth of August.

The Stowe Missal (*circa* A.D. 800)

O'Rahilly cites as evidence the repetition of *Patrici* in the lists of bishops, commemorated in the Mass of this Missal. He does not mention that in the formal litany of saints at the beginning of the Mass there is only one *Sanctus Patricius* at the head of the Irish Saints. Nor does he mention the extraordinary inclusion of Patrick's name in the solemn prayer of the Canon : *Nobis quoque peccatoribus* where one Patrick comes after Peter and Paul and before the name of St John the Baptist : ' *cum tuis sanctis apostolis et martiribus cum petro paulo patricio cum johanne stefano mathia barnaba . . . .* ' The Stowe Missal has no connection with Armagh ; yet the *Book of Armagh* confers on Patrick no honour comparable to that which the Stowe Missal here confers. This Missal is a massive witness to a pre-eminent Patrick, to one Patrick, not to two. It should perhaps be noted here that that other important liturgical document from early Ireland, the Drummond Missal, in the commemoration of the saints in the Mass begins with *Petri* and ends with *Patricii.*

[1]Some scholars maintain that this stanza, with some others, is a later interpolation.

The Stowe Missal and the *Martyrology of Oengus* are from the same period. It is not improbable that the second *Patrici* in the long list of those remembered in the Mass in the Stowe Missal is the Gallic Saint Patrick whom Oengus honoured on 24 August in his Martyrology under the name of *Sen-Phátric.*

The Cáin Adomnáin

The expression *in dá Pátric* occurs for the first time in what O'Rahilly calls ' the treatise on the Law of Adamnan '. It stands beside the Hymn of Fiacc, the *Martyrology of Oengus* and the Stowe Missal with the introductory words : ' The two Patricks are mentioned together in various texts ranging in date from the seventh to the ninth century'. Neither the Hymn of Fiacc, nor the *Martyrology of Oengus,* nor the Stowe Missal is earlier than the end of the eighth century. Portion of the *Cáin Adomnáin* is in fact late seventh century ; but the preface to it is in the language of a much later time. The sentence in which ' the two Patricks ' is found is introduced by an Irish form of words which cannot be earlier than the tenth century. Further, this preface composed at a later time and prefixed to the sober Law of Adamnan is one of the wildest and most irresponsible compositions of later Irish hagiography. In the place in question ' the two Patricks ' are followed by the ' two Ciarans, the two Cronans, the four Fintans, Mobiu and Mobi . . . . and the two Finnens '. It is a patent and crude burlesque. The text continues immediately : ' Those guarantors gave three shouts of malediction on any man . . . ' That kind of thing proves nothing. It would have been in a better tradition of scholarship to turn to the pages of the *Vita Columbae* written by this same Adamnan ; he appears to have known only one Patrick.

The Book of Armagh : The Linguistic Proof

To two other arguments brought forward in favour of the idea of a second apostle of Ireland I can refer only briefly. The *Book of Armagh* is admittedly a strongly one-Patrick document. Those who favour two Patricks reject the greater part of its witness as being either confused or fabricated ; but by a curious charisma of discernment they accept as reliable and make much of the statement in this document that Palladius was also called Patricius. He may well have been. It is not an important matter ; Secundinus may also have been called Patricius for all we know. But it has some importance, it would seem to me. It does seem a little odd that having so successfully eradicated every trace of the great rival missionary, in the very holy city itself and from out the pages of the holy book, the ghost of the victim should shake his gory locks at us.

The last argument brought forward by O'Rahilly was a new one and ingenious. It was a linguistic argument. I have already stated what I thought about it in *Studies* (Vol. xxxii, pp. 315–22). It is not so much a proof as a prayer, a prayer that two important successive processes of sound change in the Irish language should miraculously be found to fit into the two thirty-year periods of the two Patricks, A.D. 431–461, and A.D. 461–491. I still do not believe that this wonder happened. In his monumental work *Language and History in Early Britain*, Professor Kenneth Jackson firmly rejects O'Rahilly's linguistic thesis and strongly defends the view which MacNeill had earlier expressed in an important article in *Studies* in 1931 (vol. xx, pp. 39 sq.)

Summing Up

On page 10 of *The Two Patricks* the principal proofs are presented in the following words :

> The fact that there were two Christian missionaries called Patricius in Ireland in the fifth century is as well attested in our native records as any fact of so early a period could well be. The two Patricks are mentioned together in various texts ranging in date from the seventh to the ninth century, e.g. the Stowe Missal, the Martyrology of Oengus, the hymn known as Fiacc's Hymn, the treatise on the Law of Adamnan. Again in the annals we find the death of the elder Patrick chronicled under the year 457 or, alternatively, 461, while the death of his later namesake is recorded a generation later, in 491 or 492. In these references to the two missionaries called Patricius we have, it is clear, not the first beginnings of a new and short-lived accretion to the Patrician legend, but rather the last remnant of a very old tradition. After the ninth century the distinction between the two Patricks fades away, except in so far as it is mechanically reproduced by transcribers of old documents. The reason is not far to seek. Only an early and comparatively pure tradition was capable of differentiating two fifth-century apostles who were known by the same name.

It is my considered opinion that every single statement made here by O'Rahilly is unfounded and untrue. The first statement is patently false. Every contemporary witness before the year 700 which is relevant testified to the falseness of it : the *Confession* and *Epistle* of Patrick, the Hymn attributed to Secundinus, the letter of Cummian, the colophon in the *Book of Durrow*, the *Vita Columbae* of Adamnanus, the *Antiphonary of Bangor*. The second sentence begins with a definite article ' *the* two Patricks ' which refers to ' the two Christian missionaries called Patricius ' of the preceding sentence. It is utterly misleading and critically without foundation to state that in the texts in question ' two Christian missionaries called Patricius ' are mentioned. The Stowe Missal says nothing about two Christian missionaries called Patricius ; Oengus says nothing

about such either, less so the Hymn of Fiacc. To continue, ' in the Annals we find the death of the elder Patrick ' : note ' the *elder* Patrick '; no, we find the obit of *Senex Patricius*. I may take the last three sentences together. I can be brief. O'Rahilly says bluntly that ' it is clear ' that in those references to two Patricks ' we have . . . not the first beginnings of a new . . . legend '. Again the contrary is by any critical standards painfully evident. Probably the oldest reference to a second Patrick amongst the texts cited is that of Fiacc's Hymn. It refers to ' the other Patrick ' and it refers to a time when both Patricks were dead and on their way to heaven. It is only in glosses of at least a hundred years later that Fiacc's ' other Patrick ' is called *sen-Phátric*. Oengus alone of the four compilers of calendars calls the Patrick of 24 August *Sen-Phátric* ; and it is beyond doubt that in his source he was not so called ; he was *Patricius* simply as he remained in the calendar of Gorman. Again it is the glossators of the following centuries who develop the legend ; it is they who give this Patrick (now invariably *Sen-Phátric*) various occupations and an Irish domicile. The *Martyrology of Tallaght* follows the glossators here as it is does in other places. In a word, in the very texts which O'Rahilly cites and in the glosses on them we can trace the origin and the development of ' the other Patrick ' legend. What O'Rahilly declares to be clear is the direct opposite of what is found in the documents on which he relies. We can see the beginning and the middle of the legend ; it is time we saw the end of it.

Saint Patrick, though humble and according to himself unlearned, was a man of great dignity as can be seen in the *Confession* and perhaps more so in the *Epistle* to the subjects of Coroticus. For what I have written in these pages I would claim but one thing. It is a line of enquiry which brings us back to the Gaul of the fifth century, to Caesarius of Arles and to the island monastery of Lérins. It is a thread of research which leads to the world and language of Augustine and Cassian and the new monasticism which came with Honoratus across the Mediterranean from the continent of Africa. It is a way of investigation which opens for us the sober pages of the great Hieronymian and Roman martyrologies which, as we know, had come to Ireland in or before the eighth century. I do submit that this is a more worthy context for the great saint of the *Confession* than the context of the later Irish hagiographers, a world unfortunately of the fantastic and the puerile, a world in which truth diminishes and Patricks multiply.

In conclusion, then, it may be said that ' the second Patrick ' might reasonably be laid to rest in this centenary year of 1961. He is a delightful example of the growth of a myth at two periods, first in the dark ages of ignorance and credulity, and secondly in the enlightened era of the higher criticism. He began his life innocently enough as a name in a martyrology where he was quite entitled to be. He received

an increase of glory when the people of Ireland discovered a saint who bore the same name as their great apostle, *papa noster, magister Scottorum.* They gave him just such honour as was his due. He was remembered in the Mass, though not invoked in the litany, and much less admitted to the Canon beside Peter and Paul. He was 'the other Patrick', and in a happy conjunction, together he ascended into heaven with his great namesake.

Then the myth-makers began their work, and the horrid monster *senex* for the first time raised his muddled head. In justice let it be acknowledged that the medieval myth-makers did not do too much, just enough to dig pit-falls for their learned successors. The other Patrick became *Sen-Phátric* and as abbot, bishop or doorkeeper he commuted between Ros Dela, Armagh and Glastonbury. Occasionally these medieval hagiographers did overdo things as, for example, when, surely gifted with the quality of fore-seeing, one of them mischievously related 'how one time Patrick met three other Patricks' ('*ad locum in quo erant tres alii Patricii.*' *Tr. Thaum.* 121). On the whole the earlier myth-makers showed excellent judgment in leaving the work to be finished in the age of the higher criticism. For in our day the 'other Patrick' stands in glory, bedecked with the trappings of misappropriations and mistranslations ; he marches firmly on his articulated and adjustable annalistic limbs ; his face glows with blood transfused from the aristocratic Palladius and the humble Armagh doorkeeper ; he has reached his apotheosis as the second 'national apostle' of the Irish.

He could scarcely go further. It is time he was laid to rest. A thousand years is no mean life's span for any man. He has borrowed so much in the course of time that no one will grudge him a borrowed obit. In this we pay to him a final and unusual tribute, as we use the words of his birth-certificate to register his death : *Quies Senis Patricii.*

In honorem et laudem Domini atque in amabilem Patricii memoriam.

BOOK OF ARMAGH—fol. 16a

The Dead Sea Scrolls and Christianity: Ten Years After

KEVIN SMYTH

SHORTLY after the first of the scrolls from Qumran were published in 1950, Professor Dupont-Sommer of Paris proposed a startling interpretation of them. This was that a group of ancient Jews, the Essenes, known hitherto only vaguely from dubious sources, were now revealed in their own writings as the faithful worshippers of a ' divine Master ' who had been put to death by the priests of the Jews, but appeared after death, ' shining with a divine splendour ', to confound his enemies. His followers, who were to be saved by their faith in him, lived under his New Covenant, comforted by the promise of his ' glorious return '. This Jewish Messiah, who ' suffered and died under Aristobulus II ', 63 B.C., became in the theology of the scrolls ' the suffering redeemer of the world '. Dupont-Sommer felt justified in announcing ' a whole cascade of revolutions.'[1]

One of the revolutions was to be the attribution of a new origin to Christianity. Edmund Wilson, the literary man who became the first publicist of Dupont-Sommer's views in the English-speaking world, put it this way : the real cradle of Christianity was not Bethlehem or Galilee but the monastery of Qumran[2]. True, Jesus of Nazareth, coming forward ninety years after the ' Teacher of Righteousness ' of the scrolls, was credited by Dupont-Sommer with some ' real historical activity '. But even if he succeeded in ' concentrating on himself the adoration of men ', he was merely ' rekindling the flame ' which had first been lit on the shores of the Dead Sea. ' The Galilean Master appears in many respects as an astonishing reincarnation of the Master of Justice.'[3]

Scholars were not a little shocked by this reconstruction of history, though not because it promised to disturb traditional views. What shocked them was the amount of mis-translation, forced interpretations and wild conjecture which had gone into Dupont-Sommer's widely-publicized conferences and writings. The austere reputation of modern scholarship was somewhat compromised, and the public badly informed. A critical analysis of the position may be read in many books on the scrolls, among which we signal the latest from a Catholic scholar,

[1] *The Dead Sea Scrolls* by A. Dupont-Sommer, English translation, Oxford 1952, pp. 44, 95, 96.

[2] *The Scrolls from the Dead Sea,* London 1955, p. 129.

[3] Dupont-Sommer, op. cit., pp. 99-100. The ' many respects ' cover all important points.

The Monks of Qumran by Fr E. Sutcliffe.[1] This gives full translations of the scrolls, and excellent information about the history and theology of the sect and its relation to Christianity. Here we content ourselves with a few pointers to Dupont-Sommer's own evolution.

As a barograph of the steadily downward fall of his high-pressure system, his own subsequent works are illuminating. His *Jewish Sect of Qumran and the Essenes,* four years later, still spoke of 'the supernatural apparition of the Teacher of Righteousness' after death, 'coming personally to wreak vengeance'. But it was no longer the miracle of an incarnation, as in the first book, which had proclaimed 'a divine being who became flesh to live and die as a man'. Now it was but the return from heaven of a man who had been assumed there like Enoch. 'A new Priest issued from Levi, a Messianic king issuing from Judah, Prophet of the Most High—such are the essential titles which, in the minds of his adherents, defined the transcendent personality, the Teacher of Righteousness'. The very essential title of 'divine being', which had 'undoubtedly' been there in the first reading of the scrolls, was silently dropped. His down-grading became patent in the words: 'The Teacher of Righteousness was, to put it boldly, a kind of Jewish Pythagoras.'[2] In 1959 appeared Dupont-Sommer's *magnum opus* on the scrolls, full translations with detailed commentaries. The foreword now says that 'though they (sect of the Essenes) had the privilege of preparing the way, more than any other movement in Judaism, for the Christian institution, the originality of Christianity as a whole, in spite of affinities and borrowings revealed by the new texts, remains beyond question (*hors d'atteinte*)[3].

Since the main work of apologetics on behalf of the uniqueness of Christianity has thus been ratified by the scholar with most to lose thereby, the discussion now proceeds in a calmer atmosphere. With one comment on Dupont-Sommer's latest position, we can turn to the main points of present-day interest. He points out that the Teacher of Righteousness remains to this day anonymous. Many titles for him can be collected from the scrolls, such as Master, Priest and Searcher of the Law—though no longer, apparently, Messiah. 'But never is the secret of his name betrayed; an august mystery envelopes it. Human lips are not worthy to pronounce it.'[4] This is a hint that the Master's name was like the name of God among the Jews: kept out of profane and even sacred circulation. But the suggestion—a nostalgic relic of the revolution that failed—is misleading. To have given the whole

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[1] *The Monks of Qumran as Depicted in the Dead Sea Scrolls* by Edmund F. Sutcliffe, S.J. London. Burns and Oates, 1960. xvi and 272 pages. 30 shillings.

[2] *The Jewish Sect of Qumran and the Essenes: New Studies on the Dead Sea Scrolls,* English trans., London, 1954.

[3] *Les Ecrits Esséniens découverts près de la Mer Morte.* Paris, 1959, p. 24.

[4] ibid. p. 369.

story, Dupont-Sommer should have added that the names of the Teacher's adversaries are also suppressed in the scrolls. They too are hidden behind titles : ' The Wicked Priest ', ' The Man of Lies ', ' The Man of Scorn ', perhaps ' The Lion of Wrath '. No one dreams that the name of the Wicked Priest was avoided for reverential reasons. The roundabout designation is part of the cryptic style of the scrolls, which are chary of proper names, even those of foreign invaders. Thus the ' Kittim ', probably the Seleucid Greeks of Syria, can stand at one place for the Hellenistic kings of Egypt, and are often identified with the Romans by some commentators. Dupont-Sommer must therefore be read with caution, especially when he sounds most impressive. But he writes with an engaging clarity and his latest work is among the most stimulating and expert which have appeared on the scrolls.

The seven scrolls and the fragments from the first cave at Qumran were published between 1950 and 1956. Comparatively little has been published since then, though ten other caves in the region have yielded documents. The main concern of students is still with the first seven : two manuscripts, one of which is incomplete, of the book of Isaias ; the ' Rule of the Community ', often known as the ' Manual of Discipline ' ; the ' Commentary on Habacuc ' ; the ' Thanksgiving Hymns ' ; the ' War of the Sons of Light with the Sons of Darkness '. This latter may be more conveniently, and indeed more accurately known as the ' War Scroll ', because the original title is not only cumbersome, but possibly misleading. It suggests a merely spiritual combat, whereas the scroll is in fact a basically realistic programme for the final fight between Israel and its gentile enemies. Along with these is reckoned the ' Zadokite Document, or, Fragments ', also known as the ' Damascus Document ', which had been known for fifty years in a medieval copy, but is now accepted as part of the scrolls, since bits of it have been found in the caves. The seventh scroll differs in language and character from the others, being in Aramaic, not Hebrew, and indulging in a romantic type of embroidery on the biblical book of Genesis which is hardly representative of the scrolls in general[1].

The ' library ' includes many interesting fragments, as for instance, the ' Two-Column Document ' or ' Rule of the Congregation ', which includes directions about the age of marriage. A few lines of commentary on the prophet Nahum are also rewarding, because they give two of the few proper names yet known from the scrolls, ' Antiochus ' and ' Demetrius ', either Antiochus IV, Seleucid king of Syria, 175-163 B.C. and Demetrius I, 162-150 B.C., or Antiochus VII, 138-129 B.C. and Demetrius III, 95– about 77 B.C. Fragments at least of all the books of the Hebrew Bible, except Esther, have been found, giving a text a thousand years older than that used hitherto in Hebrew Bibles. Cave

[1]For bibliography and designation of texts, see E. Sutcliffe, p. 241.

four contained thousands of fragments, including parts of the important apocryphal book of Enoch and something corresponding to parts of the apocryphal 'Testaments of the Twelve Patriarchs'. Only enough has been told about these last two Qumran works to prevent us identifying them with our Christianized forms of them. One point which has not yet been cleared up is why the 400-odd manuscripts of cave four were found literally in tatters, and incomplete at that. The ravages of time hardly account for their mutilated state, for which it has been suggested that the Roman soldiers who sacked Qumran in A.D. 68 were responsible.

At least one new literary *genre* has been found among the scrolls. This is the biblical commentary of the type of the Habacuc and Nahum fragments, which quote sentence after sentence of prophet or psalm, and then apply it to some events or hopes of the sect, mostly in an arbitrary way. For instance, Habacuc 1:6, 'Behold, I am raising up the Chaldaeans, a cruel and impetuous nation', receives the 'explanation': 'This means the Kittim, who are swift and powerful in battle'. The prophet was speaking of the historical Chaldaeans of 600 B.C. The application to the Seleucid Greeks (or Romans) is exegetically untenable. No such style of biblical commentary is found in rabbinical writings or in the New Testament. The latter often uses an Old Testament test to comment on an episode, but never begins with a text to add a quasi-historical commentary. The absence of such a literary *genre* from the New Testament tells somewhat against any direct acquaintance of the writers with the sect of the scrolls. This is surprising, especially if the group were a branch, as seems likely, of the Essenes, who are given great importance by the contemporary Jewish writers, Philo and Josephus. The silence of the New Testament with regard to the Essenes is somewhat of an enigma, because it speaks often of the Pharisees and Sadducees, two of the main 'sects' of the Jews according to Josephus, who named the Essenes as the third.

Two other things about Qumran make the lack of reference to the Essenes in the New Testament all the more surprising: the closeness of their head house to Jerusalem, and the length of time during which it was occupied by the sect. Those who infer a direct though unavowed influence of Qumran on the New Testament have insisted on the proximity which made contacts almost inevitable. Qumran was not exactly in a remote desert region: it was only twelve miles east of Jerusalem, and John the Baptist, during his stay in the 'desert of Judah' 'must have known of the Community and will surely have entertained feelings of respect for men of such God-fearing and mortified lives.'[1] According to the Fourth Gospel, the first disciples of Jesus had been disciples of John, and so might well have been at one time within the

[1]E. Sutcliffe, p. 124.

penumbra of Qumran influence. Much also has been made of the fact that as late as A.D. 55 there was a group of disciples, still pledged to John the Baptist, at Ephesus[1] where tradition has it that the Fourth Gospel was written. From these might have penetrated some attitudes and idioms peculiar to Qumran, principally the 'dualistic' contrasts which St John makes between 'light' and 'darkness', 'truth' and 'lie' etc. It is hardly necessary to look so far for a link between the Fourth Gospel and its Palestinian background.

While some scholars think that John the Baptist not only knew Qumran but was even educated there[2] others deny all contacts[3]. All would agree that John's ministry, which was directed to 'the people of the land' who were 'accursed, because they did not know the Law', and had no intention of keeping it on the level of Qumran or the Pharisees, must have represented a radical breach with the *apartheid* and legalism of Qumran. The baptism of John is said nevertheless to be an item inherited from Qumran. Proof of this is lacking. The Essenes, according to all the evidence, were meticulous about ritual ablutions. But it is not certain that they outdid the Pharisees, and many washings had been prescribed in the Pentateuch to counteract defilements which would bar one from prayer and ceremonies. No doubt, 'for the new member, his first admission to the ablutions of the sect in the water reserved for members would have a special character.'[4] But we do not find that the initiatory rites centred on an ablution, or that any ablution had the major significance which John's baptism embodied. When J. Robinson[5] says that John followed Qumran in making baptism 'the means of creating a pure and penitent nucleus in Israel' he is importing a piece of the Gospels into the scrolls—arguing in fact that since John used baptism as an initiatory rite, preparing for the coming of the Messiah, and since John learned from Qumran, such a rite must have been used at Qumran. The baptism of John, in so far as it was the sign of a break with the past and the promise of a new life, has a more adequate and clear-cut parallel in the baptism which proselytes to Judaism had to undergo.

The other thing which makes the lack of reference to the Essenes in the New Testament so remarkable is that the Qumran community flourished there—except for a period under Herod the Great, 37-4 B.C.—for a hundred years before and seventy years after the birth of Christ. The excavations leave no doubt about this[6]. And now the amount of manuscript from the caves has given the palaeographers the basis

[1]Acts of the Apostles 19:1-7.

[2]e.g. W. H. Brownlee, in *The Scrolls and the N.T.*, ed. K. Stendahl, 1957. J. M. Allegro, *The Dead Sea Scrolls*, 1956.

[3]e.g. H. H. Rowley, 'The Baptism of John and the Qumran Sect', in *New Testament Essays*, ed. A. J. B. Higgins, 1959. E. Sutcliffe, op.cit.

[4]H. H. Rowley, op.cit.

[5]J. A. T. Robinson, *Harvard Theological Review*, 1957.

[6]R. de Vaux, O.P. in *Révue Biblique*, 1956, 1957.

for a reliable dating of the script. The hands of about four hundred scribes have been identified. The 'Rule of the Community' can now be dated at about 100 B.C. There is no reason to think that the copies of it now available were the first made. And as the Rule itself, precise, cut and dried, does not represent a stage of trial and error, but a well-evolved and stable set of constitutions, the Qumran group must have been established long before 100 B.C. If, as seems likely, the Zadokite Document reflects a stage earlier than the Rule, the Teacher of Righteousness may have lived and died in the reign of Antiochus IV (175-164 B.C.). His death is spoken of as a past event in the Zadokite Document. But there is still no general agreement as to his date. Most attempts to pinpoint it start from his adversary, the 'Wicked Priest', about whom more specific facts seem promising. But they too are inconclusive. One careful study identifies the Wicked Priest with Jonathan one of the Maccabees, who died in 142 B.C., having been leader of the Jews since 160[1]. Another seeks him in Jonathan's brother Simon, who succeeded Jonathan in 142[2]. Dr H. H. Rowley has argued with great skill and erudition that the Teacher of Righteousness was the High Priest Onias, who was deposed and eventually killed, in 171 B.C., as a result of the intrigues of a Menelaus who himself then became High Priest[3]. Others put the ministry of the Teacher under the Hasmonaean Alexander Jannaeus 103-76 B.C.[4], others again, notably Dupont-Sommer, under Aristobulus and Hyrcan II, 67-40 B.C. This last dating may now be ruled out. The Zadokite Document says that the group had been groping like blind men for twenty years before God raised up the Teacher for them. They cannot have been 'groping' when the Rule of the Community was composed, so the Teacher must have been at work in the middle of the second century B.C. Further, the main installations at Qumran, which also can hardly date from a time of 'groping', were put up before 100 B.C. Some authors therefore put the first occupation of Qumran by the Essenes as early as 150 B.C..[5]

With few exceptions[6] most commentators now agree that all the evidence points to A.D. 68, when the Roman legions reached Jericho preparatory to attacking Jerusalem, for the end of the community and its literary activity. That Qumran left so little direct traces of itself in history is due less to the destruction of its buildings and the scattering of its inmates than to the thorough-going suppression of all but Pharisaic traditions when the rabbis re-convened about A.D. 90 to define the canon of Scripture and direct the interpretation of the law for the survivors of the first revolt.

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[1]E. Sutcliffe, op.cit.
[2]F. M. Cross, *The Ancient Library of Qumran*, 1958.
[3]*The Zadokite Fragments and the Dead Sea Scrolls*, 1952; 'The Teacher of Righteousness and the D.S.S.', in the *Bulletin of the John Rylands Library*, Manchester, 1957.
[4]e.g. J. M. Allegro, op.cit. J. van der Ploeg, O.P., *The Excavations at Qumran*, London, 1958.
[5]E. Sutcliffe, op.cit. J. T. Milik, *Ten Years of Discovery in the Judaean Desert*, London, 1960.
[6]e.g. C. Roth, *The Historical Background of the Dead Sea Scrolls*, 1958.

With this long history, overlapping the origins of Christianity, one must expect some traces of Qumran spirituality, if only by negative reaction, in the preaching of Jesus and in the history of the apostolic Church. With regard to Jesus : even the most sceptical of critics find that he preached the coming of the Reign or Kingdom of God, and the coming of the ' Son of Man ' to judge the world. It is precisely here, the most basic and best substantiated part of the gospels, that the contrast with Qumran is most marked. The ' Son of Man ' theology can be dismissed at once. Though it was available to the sect in the book of Daniel, they do not seem to have used it at all. (It is notably recessive in rabbinical writings also.) Then, the absence of the precise formula, ' Reign, Kingdom of God ' from the scrolls is highly significant. Where broad streams of thought were common property, as was the notion of God as King to all inheritors of the Old Testament, the only way to trace the influence of one group on another is through the recurrence of a peculiar formulation of a concept. (For instance : suicide has been often debated. But when to the standard arguments is added the phrase, ' to be or not to be, that is the question ', one then recognizes at least the indirect influence of Shakespeare.)

But the first appearance of the phrase, ' Kingdom of God ', in literature, is in the New Testament[1]. The notion was of course present at Qumran, where the ' last days ' which would manifest the Reign of God, were eagerly awaited. But not only is the New Testament phrase missing : the content of the expectation was different. A few typical sentences from the ' War Scroll ', which is a sort of theology of the Reign of God, illustrate the Qumran view. ' The kingdom shall belong to the God of Israel and by the saints of his people he shall win mighty victories.' It is in war that ' the glory of God's reign is terrible ', and this war crystallizes the Reign of God as the ' everlasting kingship for Israel '[2]. There was no break-through to a purely religious concept of the Kingdom of God.

There is indeed one fragmentary phrase in the scrolls which seems to some to echo the universalistic promises of parts of the Old Testament : ' that all nations may know Thy truth and all peoples Thy glory '[3]. But this is not necessarily the ' teach all nations ' of St Matthew 28:19. ' Fidelity ' is probably the correct rendering of the word sometimes translated ' truth ', and the phrase means that God is to demonstrate his fidelity to Israel, and show his strength, by crushing the hostile pagans. Without better proof than the phrase quoted above, it is hazardous to interpret the knowledge of God to which the nations are to come according to the scrolls, except in the grim sense of Ezechiel

[1]except Wisdom 10:10, which we have however only in Christian manuscripts ; common in the later rabbinical writings.

[2]War Scroll (*1QM*) 6:6; 19:8, also 12:3.16.19 ; 17:8.

[3]Hymns (*1QH*) 6:2. E. Sutcliffe, p. 77, 81.

chs 25-36, where it is prophesied that Ammon, Moab, Edom, Philistia, Tyre and Egypt will 'know the Lord', by feeling the weight of his avenging hand.

Nor was the Kingdom any the more open to all for being promised to the 'penitents of Israel'. The conditions of repentance included the fulfilment of the 'whole law',—'according to the interpretation of the sons of Zadok'[1]. There was no such paradox as there was in the offer which Jesus made of the Kingdom, where it was grace and salvation precisely for 'sinners'. The constant and radical objection which was made against the ministry of Jesus was that 'this man receives sinners and eats with them'[2]. Qumran gave no such scandal. In the preaching of Jesus, charity and mercy were immediate, judgment remote, almost secondary. But Qumran envisaged the Day of the Kingdom as much in terms of vengeance on sinner and pagan as in terms of salvation and glory for Israel. At times one hears them offering their prayers and sufferings 'to expiate the Land', and urging patience and silence under oppression. But the expiation is part of a programme of 'rendering retribution to the wicked' and the relief in sight always includes the 'day of vengeance'[3]. Hence some commentators see a deliberate reaction against Qumran in the formulation of the sixth antithesis of the Sermon on the Mount: 'You have heard that it was said: You shall love your neighbour and hate your enemy' Mt. 5:43.[4]

If there was at Qumran a tendency to transcend a national religion of which the 'know-how' in ritual and ethics was confined to Israel, it should be sought in the striving for 'righteousness' which is voiced in the Qumran Hymns. Here sinfulness is seen as almost intrinsic to the purely human condition of weak flesh. And the chasm between sinful dust and God's righteousness can be bridged only by the riches of God's mercy. Such a religious attitude would be ultimately disruptive of the principle, 'salvation is of the Jews'—of Qumran. That humility would be open to mankind as such, and not the technique of a specialist people. The theology of St Paul might well have drawn on such a source, which flowed strongly in the Old Testament. There seem to be elements of Qumran style and language in the epistles, though of course the focus of Pauline thought, the cross and resurrection of the Messiah, the Son of God, was absent from Qumran.[5]

Passing over possible minor and tenuous links in Church organization and liturgy, we may say that one of the most significant contributions of the scrolls to the understanding of the New Testament is that they

[1]Zadokite Document 3:13 ff 6:10, etc.; Manual (*1QS*) 5:2-9; 9:7, etc.
[2]Luke 15:2; and see R. Schnackenburg, *Gottesherrschaft und Reich*, pp. 56 ff.
[3]Manual (*1QS*) 8:6; 9:23. Zadokite Document and War Scroll *passim*.
[4]e.g. K. Schubert, *The Dead Sea Community, its Origin and Teachings*, London 1959.
[5]See e.g. 2 Cor 6, Ephesians and Colossians; K. G. Kuhn in Stendahl, op.cit.— 'Son of God', as title of the Messiah, remains peculiarly Christian, as does the notion of a suffering Messiah.

show that an institutional Church was not incompatible with an 'eschatological community'. Qumran felt that it was living in the 'last days', that it was the channel of revelation 'to the last generations, of what God would do in the last generation'[1]. It is perhaps too much to say that Qumran was an 'eschatological community' if one means that the sense of an imminent crisis was the main motive for their association and dominated all their attitudes. Legalism rather than eschatology was their vital interest. None the less, the men of Qumran, like other Jews of their day, sensed the coming of a divine turning-point in history: though how they imagined it, how they envisaged the bringer of salvation contributes little to the understanding of Christianity. At any rate, a Qumran commentary on Psalm 37 says that the Priest, the Teacher (of Righteousness) was appointed 'to build unto God the congregation', presumably the 'church' of Qumran[2]. Thus the metaphor of 'building my Church' is shown to be part of the religion of Judaism, of which Christianity in its own way was the synthesis.

Among elements of Church life which may be traced to Qumran, Fr Sutcliffe stresses poverty, chastity and obedience. One of the few places where the scrolls support Josephus and Philo on the Essenes is on community life with property in common. The 'communism' of the Acts of the Apostles, 4:32;5:4, was different, as Fr Sutcliffe points out. It was not obligatory, except as a readiness to help the needy, whereas a certain surrender of property-rights was demanded at Qumran. The 'evangelical counsel' of Christ remained a counsel, and those who 'sold what they had' gave to the poor, not precisely to the Community, as at Qumran. But a similarity remains. Some authors deny that private property was renounced at all at Qumran[3]. Fr Sutcliffe argues strongly against this view, though he concedes that some branches of the Essenes retained their property. There was no direct influence on Christian monasticism, which did not appear till about A.D. 200.

Chastity was part of the inheritance of the Old Testament which set Jewish ethics apart in the ancient world. But its cherishing in the form of celibacy is something foreign to Judaism. Josephus and Philo emphasized the celibacy of some branches of the Essenes. Surprisingly, in view of Josephus and Philo, naturally, in view of the Old Testament and rabbinical Judaism, the scrolls never praise it, impose it, or state directly that it was practised. They give rules for the age of marriage, mention forbidden degrees of kinship, discuss divorce and condemn polygamy, and promise 'fruitful seed' even to those who live under the most 'monastic' régime, the 'Rule of the Community'[4]. Fr

[1]Zadokite Document 1:12 Habacuc Commentary (1QpHab) 2:7, 7:1-13.
[2]Edited by J. M. Allegro, *Palestine Exploration Quarterly* 86 (1954) 69-75. E. Sutcliffe, pp. 182 f.
[3]e.g. C. Rabin, *Qumran Studies*, 1957.
[4]Manual (*1QS*) 4:7.

Sutcliffe, who with many authors divides the Essenes into celibate and married sections, finds that celibacy is *implied* in the Zadokite Document, where it says: 'And if they live in camps (or, settlements) according to the order of the earth as it was from of old, and take wives according to the guidance of the Law, and beget children, they shall walk according to the Law...'

This is not fully convincing. The 'camps' are contrasted in the Zadokite Document not with celibate monasteries, but with 'cities'[1]. The implication need only be that the Essenes who left the cities should still observe the marriage laws of the sect. The cemetery of Qumran itself contains the remains of women and children.

The lack of express counsel or rule of celibacy is all the more disconcerting, because among the Jews marriage was a major obligation, at least for men. The inferior status of women appears from the fact that they were not obliged to keep all the Law: which may account for the absence of reference to women in the Rule of the Community. The rabbis could say: 'He who does not beget children is like one who sheds blood', or, 'diminishes the image of God'. Celibacy, in conflict with Jewish ideals and biblical command—as Genesis 1:28 was understood—seems to demand more than an ambiguous implication if it is to be ascribed to the scrolls. Hence the Christian ideal of virginity ('There are eunuchs who have made themselves eunuchs for the sake of the Kingdom of Heaven, Mt 19:12, compare the opening chapters of Matthew and Luke) remains without certain parallel at Qumran. The praise of Essene celibacy in Josephus and Philo, where it is linked with some Hellenistic mysogynist commonplaces about the wiles, infidelity and distracting nature of women, may perhaps be explained by the way these writers coloured their Essene history with Greek philosophy: anything the Greeks could dream of, the Jews did much better.

Obedience in the scrolls offers no such problems. Its sanctions were severe, and could have been a model for early monasticism, though no direct influence can be traced. Possibly the outstanding questions may be solved when the rest of the scrolls are published. The last of them, in cave eleven, was found in 1956, and the relentless search of the Beduin, now fully aware of the value of every square inch, has produced nothing since. The Beduin are still holding the long texts from the last cave, Exodus and Deuteronomy in Hebrew, Tobias in Aramaic, the apocryphal Jubilees and Enoch, also in Aramaic. The rest of the documents are promised for publication in the next two years.[2]

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[1]Zadokite Document 7:6 ff, *cf.* 10:21.23; 12:19.

[2]The Qumran calendar may throw light on which day of the week the Last Supper was held. The question is too complicated, and too hotly debated for this article. See A. Jaubert, *La Date de la Cène*, Paris 1957 and *New Testament Studies*, 7 (1960). E. Sutcliffe pp. 112ff, 121 ff.

Retracing Carlyle's Irish Journey

(1849)

by CHARLES RICHARD SANDERS

IT was Sunday, 31 July, 1960, and the London air was drenched with warm sunshine. The big Viscount plane which was to carry us to Dublin took off promptly at 6.20 p.m. As it rapidly gained height, England became a fairy land of green forests, yellow fields of ripening grain, and silver lakes and rivers, with the golden light raining down upon it all. It was easy to identify Windsor Castle with its spacious grounds as we flew over the River Thames towards Wales. But soon rifts of clouds appeared, and as we rose above them they shut off from time to time the view below. By the time we crossed the River Severn and were over Wales, we were able to get only occasional glimpses of the world beneath us; and by that time we were so high that the mountains of that country appeared to have flattened down to nothing. The sky opened for ten minutes over the Irish Sea, with its million wrinkles and its one or two white splinters of ships breaking the uniformity of its surface. Then a really formidable cloud came between us and Dublin. It was an angry black in colour, and it was high, wide, and deep. The pilot of the plane could not get above it and finally had to go around it on the right side. Even so, it could not be avoided entirely, and, as we approached the Dublin airport, it gave us a backlash with its tail. The heavy rain washed us down on to the landing strip with soggy grass on each side of it. The hour and a half which had passed since we left London, though eventful enough, had seemed very short.

Carlyle's journey to Ireland in July 1849 was very different. About eight o'clock one morning he got in a small boat on the Thames near his home at Chelsea, was rowed down the river a considerable distance to where a ship called the *Athlone* was waiting, and was pulled on board just before the ship sailed at ten. The small ship moved slowly down to the mouth of the Thames and then all the way along the southern coast of England before it rounded Land's End and could turn northwestward across the Irish Sea. The trip from London to Dublin required four days. Carlyle could have taken a shorter route, but he chose this one in order to see the southern coast of England. In spite of its leisureliness, it was not without difficulties and even terrifying incidents. A drunken passenger was lost overboard one night, and all sorts of complicated situations developed among the heterogenous passengers and the crew. Carlyle considerately did not write to his wife about the passenger who was drowned but waited to tell her about it after he was once more safe at home.

During the month which Carlyle was to spend in Ireland, he was not to see it at its best. Much of the misery which the Great Famine of 1846-48 had brought to it still remained. But to Carlyle the wretched conditions which he saw there did not differ in kind but only in degree from similar conditions in England and other parts of the world. Ireland was to him simply the place where one could see in its worst form what was wrong with the world. He believed that such evils, wherever they occurred, were always the result of mismanagement. A Joseph, he felt sure, would never have allowed himself to become the slave of a single crop such as the potato, or to be daunted by several successive years of crop failure. Mere *laissez faire,* mere drifting, with an unthinking acceptance of whatever time might bring, lay at the root of most of Ireland's troubles, and England's. These came as the result of neglecting or violating basic laws and truths. One of Carlyle's chief wishes was to be able to stand on the top of Croagh Patrick on the west coast of Ireland where, symbollically emulating the example of the Saint, he could ' gather all the serpents, devils, and *malefici* thither again, and rolling them up into one big mass, fling the whole safely into Clew Bay again ! '

Always an admirer of Carlyle's courage, of his unwavering devotion to justice and truth, and of his unwillingness to accept excuses from those from whom the world had a right to expect deeds, I had set out to retrace his footsteps through Ireland one hundred and eleven years after his journey with a suspicion in my mind that he had oversimplified his problem and its solution but also with a conviction that much might be learned from comparing what he saw and heard with what I might be able to see and hear. I had with me not only the highly interesting *Reminiscences of My Irish Journey in 1849* which he wrote out in detail soon after his return but also about twenty-five letters, many of them unpublished ones, which I had painstakingly collected from all over the world, with which I had briefed myself and which would serve as basis of comparison. Carlyle had been writing his *Cromwell* just before he went to Ireland and was far too much inclined to see Ireland through Cromwell's eyes. But he also saw Ireland through other eyes. For many years he had been reading and rereading Swift, always a major influence on him. He knew and loved Goldsmith. Among his friends, furthermore, were some highly enlightened and competent Irishmen, Charles Gavan Duffy, Edward Twistleton, Edward FitzGerald, and Aubrey de Vere, who were determined that he should get the whole truth about Ireland. They had armed him with far more letters of introduction than he was able to use, and during much of the journey Duffy served as a guide and tour manager. With friends like these and with his own remarkable gifts of sight and insight, Carlyle was placed in a position to observe Ireland with unusual fullness and accuracy and to

arrive at conclusions concerning it which are well worth looking into. On the other hand, I was aware that I possessed one or two advantages which Carlyle had lacked. I was very fortunate in being able to read two books by Irish friends of Carlyle who had known both Carlyle and Ireland thoroughly and intimately, Duffy's *Conversations with Carlyle* (1892) and William Allingham's *Diary* (1907). I knew what had happened in Ireland after Carlyle's death in 1881. I knew about the movement that brought independence to Ireland, and about the great cultural movement called the Irish Renaissance. To some extent I could see Ireland through the eyes of Shaw, Joyce, and Yeats. And I had lived through two monstrous World Wars arising partly from the assumption that it is possible to stand like Saint Patrick upon the top of Croagh Patrick and to hurl all devils at once into Clew Bay. I had begun to doubt the soundness of the Big Splash method of ridding the world of its evils. Yet I was by no means ready to echo several Irishmen who told me, ' Carlyle did not like Ireland,' and wanted to dismiss the subject with that. Here too was an oversimplification. I was far readier to agree with Carlyle himself in assuming that to understand Ireland was to go a long way toward understanding the world.

Carlyle remained in Dublin five days, 3-8 July, where he met various Irish notabilities including the landscape painter and antiquary George Petrie, was entertained at meals, and was shown the sights. He had visited Dublin once before very briefly, in September 1846, when Duffy had taken him in hand, had introduced him to friends who were active with him in the Young Ireland movement, and had shown him Daniel O'Connell, whom he from first to last detested, speaking in Conciliation Hall. He would not have been pleased if he had known that Sackville Street, Dublin's principal thoroughfare on which his hotel, the Imperial, was situated, would have its name changed to O'Connell Street. Although he declared himself ' half killed with attentions ' on his 1849 visit, he seems to have had a reasonably good time. He visited the learned societies, the libraries, and the museums, at one of which he almost wept at the sight of Stella's skull, which for some reason had been dug up from its resting place beside the grave of Swift and soon was to be buried there again. At Howth he enjoyed sea-bathing, a pastime in which he always took great delight. He was annoyed, however, by the way the talk had of drifting into the everlasting subject of England *versus* Ireland and by the class hatred that gave heat to most conversations. And he concluded that Dublin was not truly the capital of Ireland as London was the capital of England. Ireland, with its marked tendencies toward disintegration, lacked controlling forces which moved toward a centre.

In Dublin today the subject of England against Ireland is still a live subject but one which can be discussed with much less vehemence by

liberated Irishmen than in the middle of the nineteenth century. Class hatred still exists but in a much milder form. The glorification of the peasant by Synge and Yeats and of aristocrats by Yeats has helped to tear down the old distinctions. The peasant is no longer the starving underdog, and the aristocrat, whether English or Irish, is no longer the land-owning robber. The aristocrats, like the aristocrats of medieval Ireland and all true aristocrats, have their horses, and very fine horses they are, symbolic of the breed of human beings to whom they belong. These, too, are rightly celebrated in Yeats's poetry. All true Irishmen love horses. When I arrived in Dublin on 31 July the Dublin Horse Show was about to begin, and for a week afterward there was almost nothing else in the newspapers. Nothing else really seemed to matter much, whether you loved horses for their intrinsic qualities or placed money on them in the races. An Irishman becomes fully alive only when his blood is galloping at a horse-race. Dublin, too, has come into its own as a capital city since 1849. Its universities, its hotels, its Abbey Theatre, and its places of amusement all pulsate with the national life and reflect a consciousness of the nation's culture.

On Sunday, 8 July, Carlyle left Dublin and began his tour around the island. Moving clockwise, he spent almost a month as he moved southward through Lismore, Cork, and Killarney ; then northeastward and north to Mallow, Limerick, Gort, Tuam, Westport, Sligo, Ballyshannon, Donegal, Letterkenny, Rathmelton, Gweedore; then eastward to Derry, where he took a steamer for Glasgow. He travelled by railway, by horse-drawn coach, and by gig, with the assistance of his various hosts and guides. In attempting to follow his route, I found that I could do so by shifting back and forth from trains to buses, very easily and conveniently done in Ireland where both services use the same stations. Occasionally, I had to hire a taxi in order to reach an out-of-the-way place.

Carlyle's first stop was at Kildare and nearby Kilcullen. His host here was Peter FitzGerald, brother of his old friend Edward FitzGerald, not yet famous as the translator of *The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam* (1859) but known to Carlyle through Tennyson and Thackeray and through the generous help which he gave Carlyle in his work on *Cromwell*. The FitzGeralds's father owned the site of the Battle of Naseby. Peter FitzGerald, an enormously fat man, entertained Carlyle at his country house Halverstown, near Kilcullen, and took him through the Wicklow Gap to see Glendalough, St Kevin's lovely City of the Seven Churches in the Glen of the Two Lakes, with its lakeside cave called ' St Kevin's Bed '. Here Carlyle did some not too sympathetic speculating upon the nature of medieval Catholicism and of the Roman Catholic Church in all ages. At Kildare he saw the ancient Round Tower and the ruins of St. Brigid's cathedral. He was impressed by the Curragh Race Track

near Kildare, with its ' 5,000 acres of the richest land in Ireland ' and was shown the army barracks nearby. And he saw at Kildare swarms of beggars, the worst that he saw anywhere in Ireland, ' a harpy-swarm of clamorous mendicants, men, women, and children ' in ' a village *winged,* as if a flight of harpies had alighted in it.'

Nowhere in Ireland did I find the contrast between the country in 1849 and Ireland as it is today more apparent. The FitzGeralds, I was told, have pretty well vanished from this region though some of them living in England still own land here. The land upon which Halverstown stood, however, has been bought by a Scottish jam factory which has been built near the site of the house. The old house itself has been pulled down almost entirely, only part of the drawingroom, packed with hay, remaining to suggest the elegance which was there in Carlyle's time. The rich fields around it, rather ragged and poorly cultivated when Carlyle saw them, are now producing berries in abundance for the jam factory. The Curragh Race-Track, perhaps even more famous now than in 1849, still has its lovely green expansiveness, with sheep grazing everywhere. The army barracks at Curragh, which once housed hated British troops, are now being used by Irish soldiers. Some of them have recently gone out to help to police the Congo for the United Nations. The newspapers reflect the pride which the whole nation has in them. It is very pleasant to the people of Ireland, for a change, to be helping to solve problems elsewhere in the world instead of being a problem. The ruins of the Seven Churches at Glendalough are now in the summer visited by many bus-loads of tourists. There is some slight and perhaps unavoidable suggestion of commercialization in the accommodation for tourists provided close by, but the two lakes and site of the ruins must be pretty much as it was when Carlyle saw it. Probably few visitors there today would feel the Calvinistic Protestant antipathy and yet fascination for medieval Catholicism which Carlyle felt. As a matter of fact, I was told all over southern Ireland that throughout the country Protestants and Catholics live peaceably side by side, practising mutual tolerance, and that only in Ulster did intensified ill-feeling between the two break out from time to time. A religion which does not have to fight for its life constantly may mellow and become benign. In Kildare, however, the Protestants seem to have had the better lot: they have rebuilt St Brigid's old cathedral which Carlyle saw in ruins, and the Catholic have had to build a brand new church on another site.

There are no beggars in Kildare today and very few in all Ireland. A small percentage of people are ' on relief ', as in the United States, and there are a few professional bums, who in all countries and in all economic conditions beg from choice, but Ireland has few true beggars who are the result of poverty. The Irish people are very proud of their Government, which is to a considerable extent a welfare government,

and have complete confidence in it. At Kildare a fairly large factory for printing wallpaper pays wages of about eleven pounds a week. Agricultural labour in the surrounding country gets almost eight pounds a week. Although these wages seem low to Americans, the balance of the economy there is such, I was told, as to make them reasonably satisfactory to the workers receiving them. Workhouses, many of which Carlyle visited in Ireland, always with disgust, have like the poverty which produced them all disappeared.

Carlyle was one of the great picture writers of all time, whether he was dealing with people or places. His gifts here served him well while he was in Ireland. The letters which he wrote at the time and the narrative which he wrote a little later are well worth reading for the brilliant pen-portraits and landscape sketches which they contain. Instead of continuing to follow Carlyle step by step on his journey, a procedure that could become tedious, let us look at some of these pictures made in various places at various times. We may then examine his ideas about Ireland in the same way.

Even on board the *Athlone* as it sailed along the southern coast of England he ' made out some five or six type-physiognomies ' which he recognized as ' specimens of Irish *classes* of faces '. Three of these which were particularly vivid to him were the face of ' a lean withered show of a creature with hanging brows, droop nose, mouth corners drooping, chin narrow, narrow eyes full of sorrow and rage '; the face of a mixed breed, ' a blond big tiger-face,' a north country face; and the face of an Irish sailor at the helm ' in wig and storm hat,' bulky, aquiline, and with closed mouth and a ' wild cunning little eye '. Then there was the face of Isaac Butt, to whom Duffy introduced him in Dublin : ' a terrible black burly son of earth: talent visible in him, but still more animalism; big bison-head, black, not *quite* unbrutal: glad when he went off " to the Galway Circuit " or whithersoever.' He describes thus one of the guests at a dinner party in Dublin: ' In white neck cloth, opposite side, a lean figure of sixty; wrinkly, like a washed blacksmith in face, yet like a gentleman too,—elaborately washed and dressed, yet still dirty-looking.' In Dublin too he met a Mrs. Hutton with ' big black eyes *struggling* to be in earnest '. In Kilkenny his host and hostess were the Mayor and his wife, Dr and Mrs Cane. Cane, ' really a person of superior worth ', was a ' tall, straight, heavy man, with grey eyes and small globular black head; deep bass voice, with which he speaks slowly, solemnly, as if he were preaching,'—an ' Irish (moral) Grandison—touch of that in him.' He was greatly struck by the ' strange dialect ' of Mrs Cane, who came from Scottish people. Her voice, he said, ' rings with such a *lilt* in speaking as is unexampled hitherto; all is *i's, oi's* etc;—excellent mother and wife, so far as heart goes, " sure-ly ".' At Cork he met a ' fine brown Irish figure ', Denny Lane, ' distiller, ex-repealer; frank, hearty, honest air;

like Alfred Tennyson a little '. At Cork also he found Father O'Shea, who, Carlyle always said, with Emerson had been the only two readers to recognize the merits of *Sartor Resartus* when it first appeared in *Fraser's Magazine*. Before this visit to Cork Carlyle had assumed that he was dead. He suddenly appeared one day at Carlyle's hotel and, much to Carlyle's astonishment, introduced himself. Carlyle described him as ' a little grayhaired, intelligent-and-bred looking man, with much gesticulation, boundless loyal welcome, *red* with dinner and some wine '. At Killarney he saw Shea Lawlor, ' tallow-complectioned, big, erect man, with sharp-croaking Irish voice, small cock-nose, stereotype glitter of smile, and small, hard blue eyes.' At King William's Town, not far from Killarney, he met a highly efficient and productive farm-manager by the name of Boyne whom he greatly admired:

> Remarkable Triptolemus, this Boyne.—Heavy broad man, fat big cheeks, grey beard well shaven; clean enough; smallish but honest kindly intelligent hazel-eyes and nice brows to his big round head, which he flings slightly back in speaking and rather droops his eyelids; Irish accent, copious *bubbling* speech in querulous-genial tone, wholly *narrative* in character. Simplicity, energy, eupepticity; a right healthy thicksided Irish soul; would one knew of a thousand such.

At Ballygiblin House, near Mallow, Carlyle was the guest of Sir William and Lady Beecher. Lady Beecher had been the famous actress Peggy O'Neill. He found it very difficult to like her and wrote to his wife that she was now ' a most strict religious Lady, of very high poses indeed, with a sumptuous well-ordered House, and the stamp of her own rigorous correct character impressed on all her people and possessions '— that she was a woman ' worth seeing once and away '. He told Duffy that she had a striking figure but that she had cold cruel eyes, and a silent reserved air which was altogether disagreeable.

North of Limerick he saw a sight which both amused and disgusted him: ' Two drunk block-heads, stagger into a cross road to be alone; are seen *kissing* one another as we pass,—Just Heaven, what a kiss, with the drowned bog, and gaping full of ditches on each hand !'

Probably the most charming person in all Ireland to Carlyle was Lord George Hill, his host at Ballyarr House near Rathmelton. It was not merely that Lord George was giving much money and time to his efforts to improve the lot of the poor people on the coast of Donegal at Gweedore and to make their land more productive; in his appearance and personality he won Carlyle's admiration and even affection almost immediately.

> Handsome grave-smiling man of 50 or more; thick grizzled hair, *elegant* club nose, low cooing voice, military composure and absence of loquacity; a man you love at first sight.

He was agile, earnest, truthful, and courteous, with a long head and an 'intellectually protrusive' mouth.

Through these and scores of other pen portraits Carlyle has given us a representative cross-section of the people of Ireland as he observed them on various social levels and in various activities. As I travelled around Ireland in the summer of 1960, studying faces and engaging in conversation with many people in various walks of life as I knew he had done, I more and more admired the art with which, like Chaucer in his time, he had filled his canvas with individuals who adequately represented a whole people, a whole age, and who at the same time had qualities suggesting the universal and the timeless.

In dealing with places he was not so successful, partly because he usually kept his pen reined in when treating them out of a fine scorn for what he called 'the picturesque'. Self-conscious followers of Wordsworth and seekers of romantic scenes and vistas had gone far in spoiling for Carlyle the pleasure he naturally and spontaneously took in such sights. It was with landscapes as it was with the fine arts in his thinking. Too much gush spoiled the effect. At Killarney, in certainly one of the most beautiful regions in the world, now sought out each summer by thousands of tourists, he wrote:

> Lake clear, blue,—almost black; slaty precipitous islets rise frequent; rocky dark hills, somewhat fringed with native arbutus (very frequent all about Killarney), mount skyward on every hand. Well enough;—but don't bother me with *audibly* admiring it: Oh! if you but wouldn't!

And this is the way he wrote about the Giant's Causeway, which he saw as he was sailing from Derry to Glasgow:

> Giant's Causeway, tourists dabbling up and down about in boats; Heaven be their comforter! We seem to be quite near it here, and it isn't worth a mile to travel to see.

In Ireland, of all places, with its hundreds of almost unbelievably beautiful places appealing to the romantic and the picturesque sides of our imagination, a writer with such an attitude is handicapped, to say the least.

A few of his descriptions of Irish places, however, do something to make amends. Many of the details in his picture of Sligo, for instance, must have made pleasant reading for Yeats himself, who loved the town and the surrounding country with all the passion of a great poet and who is buried nearby at Drumcliff Church under the brow of high Ben Bulben:

> Sligo at last; beautiful descent into it, beautiful town and region altogether. Down, down, to the river bank. . . . Up, some three miles; then on a pleasant shelf of the big hill or mountain 'Knocknarea' dividing Sligo

from the other bay, a trim fertile little estate, beautifully screened and ornamented (or soon about to be so), a neat little country house, and elegant welcome: thanks, thanks!

[Next day]: Fine morning, fine outlook over Sligo, bay, city, mountain [Ben Bulben, which on the other side of the bay faces Knocknarea where Carlyle was]; around us pretty walks and garden, with farm improvements fast progressing, behind us the mountain rises trim and green, on the top of it an ancient *cairn,* conspicuous from afar,—which Petrie asserts gravely to be the ' Grave of Queen Mab,'—some real old Irish ' queen ' who had grown in the popular fancy to be this! Good Petrie, he is much loved here . . .

Beauties of ' Hazelwood ' . . . are very considerable; really fine lake (the Lough Gill itself [which contains Yeats's Lake Isle of Innisfree]), wide undulating park, umbrageous green-swarded, silent big house, pleasure boats on lower *arm* of Lough, and queer windmill pump; very good indeed. . . . Part of Sligo belonged to Lord Palmerston; I didn't learn, or ask, which part.

Yeats more than once expresses a strong dislike of Carlyle, and such poems as his ' The Curse of Cromwell ' suggest the reasons. It was natural that he should have found distasteful Carlyle's heavy-handed Puritan emphasis upon morality and Carlyle's generally unsympathetic attitude toward Ireland in her relation to England. Yet they had much in common. Both had faith in the peasant and the aristocrat and suspected the shopkeeper. Both looked on the new science as both shallow and arrogant. Both were mystics who were also at times down-to-earth realists. And both were very unorthodox in religion, though deeply interested in the things of the spirit. Yeats was wrong in implying that Carlyle had a conventional mind which accepted the platitudes and clichés of Christianity. Quite by coincidence I met at Yeats's grave a Scotchman from Ecclefechan, Carlyle's birthplace and burial place, who proceeded to tell me that in his native village Carlyle, because he had lacked an adequate religious faith, had never been well thought of by the people of the village, very few of whom attended his funeral. They had neglected to take care of his grave, the Scotchman said, and considered it unimportant. Carlyle would have understood very well, I thought, the inscription, deceptive in its simplicity, which Yeats wrote for his tomb:

Cast a cold eye
On life, on death.
Horseman, pass by!

But there was a practical side to Carlyle's mind which Yeats did not possess. He had a marked sympathy with Swift's King of the Brobdingnags, who told Gulliver that ' whoever could make two ears of corn or two blades of grass to grow upon a spot of ground where only one grew

before, would deserve better of mankind, and do more essential service to his country than the whole race of politicians put together.' On the morning when I left Sligo and travelled by bus to Donegal, on the highway as it passed Drumcliff Church and for ten miles or so farther along to the north I was struck by numerous donkey carts, trucks, and even tractor-drawn trailers all bringing milk to a large creamery. Such evidence of economic productivity under the very shadow of towering Benbulben would have meant much to Carlyle, who had also not been blind to the wild grandeur which to Yeats was the glory of this country. Yeats's mind would have found gratification in the economic fact, but it would not have intensified his imagination as the sight of romantic beauty did. Carlyle's imagination responded vigorously to both. But what he looked for mainly as he toured Ireland was some evidence that the natural resources of that country were being made productive in terms of human welfare by the application of human wisdom and the work of the human hand.

Wisdom implied education and the diffusion of light. Carlyle wrote in his account of his Irish tour:

> If the devil were passing through my country and he applied to me for instruction on any truth or fact of this universe, I should wish to give it to him. He is *less* a devil, knowing that 3 and 3 are 6, than if he didn't know it; a light-spark tho' of the faintest is in this fact; if he knew *facts enough,* continuous light would dawn on him, he would (to his amazement) understand what this universe *is,* on what principles it conducts itself, and *cease* to be a devil!

In Ireland there were abundant opportunities for enlightened intelligence and leadership to rid the country of the evils from which it had long suffered and to make the earth more productive. ' How a man " prints his image " here on the face of the earth,' Carlyle wrote; ' and you have beauty alternating with sordid disordered ugliness, abrupt as squares in a chess-board! So all over Ireland.' After visiting Galway of the west coast, he exclaimed: ' Stones, stones,—with greenest islets here and there. Oh for men, pickmen, spademen, and masters to guide them!' Such work was needed to mend the many bad fences in the country: ' Alas, I found the universal rule in Ireland, not one fence in 5oo that will turn.' It was needed, he said, to drain the bogs and to put lime, found in abundance all over Ireland, on them to counteract their acid and make them agriculturally productive. It was needed to put the rich Cevigna mines near Sligo in operation:

> Talk of the ' Cevigna mines ' rich in coal and iron, say *richest*; not worked, company once, 1st manager,—shot; second manager sent to Chancery; mines sleep till ' Government ' make some canal or do something.

On the positive side, Carlyle praised such work wherever he found it already producing useful results. At Dublin he was very favourably impressed by the Glasnevin agriculture school and model-farm producing ' *anti*chaos missionaries,' ' practical missionaries of good order and wise husbandry '. He wished that there were a thousand such establishments in Ireland. At Mount Melleray Monastery near Cappoquin in southern Ireland he was able to observe how monks had been able to make their industry count in very much the same way as had the twelfth-century English monks about whom he had written in *Past and Present*:

> Banished from Mount Meilleraye in France about 1830 for quasi-political reasons; the first of these Irishmen arrive penniless at Cork, know not what to do; a Protestant Sir Something gives them ' waste land,' wild craggy moor on this upland of the Knockmeildowns, charitable Catholics intervene, with other help: they struggle, prosper, and are now as we see. Good bit of ground *cleared,* drained, and productive; more in clear progress thereto.

He was delighted with the work of Boyne at King William's Town:

> Boyne has now been 17 years there; a most solid, eupeptic, energetic, useful-looking man; whose *mark* stands indelible on this bog. ' Couldn't stand without sinking here, when I first came '—excellent rye and oats growing now, hedges of thorn, bright copious green of grass, 100 head of ' specimen cattle ' (among others), clean cottage-farms; a country beautiful to eye and mind as we drove through it in the bright fresh evening.

Similar work at Castlebar done by Lord Lucan pleased him greatly. In Carlyle's words, Lord Lucan had said, ' Abominable bog, thou *shalt* cease to be abominable, and become subject to man!'

The most interesting project of this kind which he saw, however, was that of Lord George Hill at Gweedore, near Bunbeg, just north of the Rosses on the Donegal coast. Many were the social and economic evils and great was the suffering among people in this part of Donegal before Lord George bought about 25,000 acres there in 1838. The land was poorly distributed and property rights were confused. There was frequent quarrelling and litigation as to trespass. The roads were bad, and there were almost no bridges. There were no ploughs or carts. There was no doctor, no store, no post office, no market for produce. The mill was a very primitive one. There was no inn. There was no dock where ships might tie up. There was not even hay for the cattle and sheep. In the years just before Carlyle's visit to Gweedore Lord George had proceeded to try to cure these evils one by one. Carlyle saw the new mill, the dock, and the big store which he had built and observed the new system which he was using for distributing and improving the land. He met the doctor

who had been brought into the community, and he was charmed, as we have seen, with Lord George himself, who acted as his guide, as they travelled around over the new roads.

But Carlyle was not completely convinced at Gweedore and kept his fingers crossed about the ultimate success of the project. For one thing, it was then unfinished, and he doubted whether it ever could be finished. ' " Improvements " all are swallowed in the chaos, chaos remains chaotic still.' It was, furthermore, too Quixotic, too Utopian, too softly idealistic:

> On the whole, I had to repeat often to Lord G. what I said yesterday; to which he could not refuse essential consent. His is the largest attempt at benevolence and beneficence on the modern system (the emancipation, all-for-liberty, abolition of capital punishment, roast-goose-at-Christmas system) ever seen by me, or like to be seen; alas, how can it prosper; except to the soul of the noble man himself who earnestly tries it, and works at it, making himself a ' slave ' to it these 17 years!?

The sporadic efforts of Lord Lucan, of Boyne, and of Lord George Hill, even if each was completely successful, could come to what in the end? Not to very much, Carlyle believed, and they could never be a substitute for what he called ' organic government,' government which was vital and which in its salutary functions permeated the whole country that it governed as blood circulates through a living body. England lacked an organic government, Carlyle declared, but he hoped that in the very near future Robert Peel might produce one. Poor Ireland suffered from the same lack, to a much greater extent. Peel was thrown from his horse and killed the next year after Carlyle's journey through Ireland. Gladstone, Disraeli, and other British Prime Ministers in the second half of the nineteenth century did not for Carlyle produce an organic government, for England or for Ireland.

When I visited Gweedore in the summer of 1960, I was shown the farms which had come into being when Lord George Hill redistributed the land. I was shown the mill, the big store, the docks which he built. I was shown the big house which he built to stay overnight in himself when he would make his rather long journey from his home near Rathmelton to Gweedore. I was also shown the church which he had built and in which a plate commemorates him and pays tribute to him for his great service to this community. The signs of his work were still there, and the people there still remembered him and were grateful to him.

On the other hand, I also saw signs of what Carlyle called organic government. Much is being done to promote education in this part of Ireland, one of the several areas in the country where the Gaelic language and cultural traditions have lingered and have a chance to survive.

The government is also putting money into comfortable small cottages, many of which I saw. And an electric power project has been developed by bringing water from one river to the channel of a lower river and releasing it near the big store which Lord George Hill built. The countryside at Gweedore is thickly populated, and I was told that no one who had ever lived there wanted to live anywhere else. Many of the young men and women went to England or Scotland to work for a while but as soon as possible returned to Gweedore with what they had saved to live out their lives. Some of the great black bogs which Carlyle saw at Gweedore are still there too.

I have no doubt that if Carlyle could repeat his tour of Ireland today he would be greatly struck by the way nearly everything has changed for the better. He would be astonished and, I think, gratified that Ireland, the problem child, has now produced a President of the United Nations. He would not be sure that Ireland, even today, had entirely solved its population problem. In his old age he came to look with favour on birth-control. But the contentment which he would find at Gweedore and the social and economic health which he could find throughout most of Ireland would certainly reassure him. And though he would approve of Ireland's government as organic, I believe that he would also be a little more ready than he was in 1849 to praise the philantrophic enterprises of men like Lord George Hill. Their work is not wasted. A principle of balance, of complementary function, operates in the body politic when the relation between the government and the private citizen is at its best. Carlyle had not seen, as we have, what too much authority in the hands of someone at the head even of an organic government may lead to. But he did learn. With all his passion for heroes and things Prussian, just before his death he began to doubt the greatness of Bismarck.

Whether we can accept Carlyle's conclusions or not, we shall always find his *Reminiscences of My Irish Journey* (not in his collected works and hard to find in second-hand catalogues and shops) and the letters which he wrote about Ireland good reading. For he wrote in the tradition of the philosophical-minded traveller, of Sir Thomas More's Raphael Hytholday, of Swift's Gulliver, and of de Tocqueville's *Democracy in America*, of those who sought for ways to improve human society. Furthermore, behind his displays of impatience and contempt there was a basic optimism: he believed that human beings could make the world much better if they would only will to do so, have courage, and use their heads. He was also, almost in spite of himself, a very great literary artist.

Ambiguities: The Art of Patrick Collins

by BRIAN O'DOHERTY

IN 1950, Patrick Collins painted a picture which he called 'Stephen Hero'. Before the backdrop of a house, lit by a single gas-lamp, the figure of James Joyce's Stephen Daedelus, elegantly awkward, made a wand-like gesture with a stick. Behind him, through a window, a woman was visible. To the left, a carriage was disappearing up the recessed perspective of a street. Predominantly brown and umber, the whole scene had a drifting subaqueous character, like a distillation of Dublin atmosphere on certain evenings. It is a key picture to the understanding of his difficult art.

Collins had in mind that moment from the night-town scene in Joyce's *Ulysses* when Stephen says '. . . so that gesture not music, not odours, would be universal language, the gift of tongues rendering visible not the lay sense, but the first entelechy, the structural rhythm'. It is typical that so abstract a statement should have preoccupied him. His own attempts to achieve communication are, in their way, almost as personal and hardly won as Joyce's.

He expresses feelings and awarenesses that are impossible to put into words ; a certain atmospheric awareness which, through memory and myth, is associated with his own childhood and with his own country. He feels his country deeply, its loneliness, its eeriness, its constant motion through changing light. With long twilights, the Irish air fosters ambiguities and uncertainties ; at times objects, and indeed the events of real life, seem to lose their reality, or to take on another reality. It is this quality that has been described as permeating the Irishman's view of reality ; its philosopher is perhaps Berkeley—and it amounts to a distrust of the senses. In Collins's work there is constant and ambiguous shift between what is seen and what is known, what is present and what is absent, what is felt and what is remembered. His art is perilous and strange, the product of a rare imagination.

Patrick Collins was born in Dromore West in County Sligo in 1911, and grew up in the same county as the Yeats brothers. As with them, it has haunted his imagination ; one of his finest paintings, his latest major work, summarizes and celebrates this landscape of his youth. His formal training was limited to a couple of evening terms at the

National College of Art in Dublin ; for a short time after he worked in George Collie's life class, and in a few other studios. A flatly realistic self-portrait from about this time shows a young man slumped in a chair, staring at the spectator with a glance that is direct and yet veiled. The whole attitude of the figure is introspective and Collins, a big man, appears shrunken and withdrawn, and rather puzzled.

Apart from occasional visits to the Continent, he has lived and worked exclusively in Dublin, first in a studio in Parliament Street, and more recently in Dermod O'Brien's old studio in Pembroke Lane. He works slowly, carefully bringing each picture to its full realization. His work has been seen in England and America ; he has had two one-man shows, in 1956 and 1959 at the Ritchie Hendriks Gallery in Dublin. In 1958 he received the first prize in the Irish section of the Guggenheim International Award. Curiously enough, this was for a picture called ' Liffey Quayside ', full again of Joycean associations.

Collins's early work moved steadily to a style that seems to have grown directly out of his own experiment and meditation. It is difficult to point out influences here ; he has always been aware of his isolation. He has certainly been influenced in attitude by the remains of an art which he describes as ' always unfinished and fragmented, always under the ground ', the early Celtic and early Christian Irish art. Later, following this source, he went to Brittany to experience more closely the spirit of the great tumuli builders.

His earlier canvases were usually predominantly of one tone or colour, grey as if misted, or brownly aqueous, as if steeped in peat water. This gave one a sense of space which extended beyond the frame, and made one rather harshly aware of its limitation. Texturally, his work was of great richness ; in its glazing and reworking with the dry brush recalling the contemporary Italian, Santomaso.

This textural circumference, within which the action and points of focus occur, is like a substance which must first be laid down or secreted by the imagination. Within it, that imagination, having created its own ambience, can function. This texture had its greatest richness in the early nineteen fifties. It consists of a web of brushstrokes, crossing and recrossing, and done over again with an almost dry brush to deposit little edges of paint, brown, or egg-shell blue, or yellowish-green, which trail and hang across the canvas like torn edges of silk. Collins is almost obsessive in obtaining this texture, and feels compelled to work and rework it until finally satisfied.

At first sight one enjoys this breaking subtle testure with its tiny clots of paint. But gradually it dissolves and the eye is left wandering inside a tinted mist. Slowly one discovers presences slid into the space, creating planes and movement. In many pictures these shapes require long study before identification. This is partly due to a tendency to

multiple viewpoints within each picture, and to an ambiguity in depth which moves the objects back and forth in planes. Sometimes the object dissolves in atmosphere ; at other times passages of paint run together to call the object more definitely to mind. Here is a balance between recognition and non-recognition which moves attention back and forth from the object as object, to its abstract function in the total picture. In an early work, ' Dublin Apple Seller ', the figure appears, conjured up from among the surrounding shapes ; and then it constantly relapses back to become a meaningful and disturbing entity of its own. It resists the attempt of the observer to classify, identify, and comprehend. In ' Sea Castle, Howth ', the building floats like a cloud between sand and sky, and at other times, it takes on, through rectangles overlaid in layers like shelves, the solidity of cubic forms. His work exploits the psychological fact of perceptual ambiguity—when an object switches indefinitely from one perception to another and back again. This is not a technical trick, but is deeply felt, and implicit in his view of life.

The effect of all this is to leave one with a sense of something half-grasped, half-understood, half-realized. And this flirting with the eye, annoying it, stimulating it, tricking and frustrating it and then carrying it on again, is a little like a similar result produced by vastly different means in the labyrinths of the early Irish manuscripts. In a way too, it is these qualities that make his art a suitable instrument for the Celtic myths that some of his titles recall, ' Aengus of the Birds ', ' Children in a Legend '.

His view of the Irish countryside is influenced by an awareness of its immense age. He is the only painter I know, who can capture the nuances of feeling which the Irish countryside provokes, especially at dusk when it is haunted by innumerable memories. In a picture called ' Landscape with a Round Tower ', the landscape is seen from above, and there is an angulation of a single plane, like a crumpled table-cloth. The impression is that the moving eye has focussed on something and then moved on. Always very aware of the way in which the frame sheares off and limits, Collins here makes one aware of extension outwards, so that the picture gives a feeling that beyond the physical limits of the frame, the scene trails off somewhere into mist, loneliness, cold.

His landscape, then, is altered by memory. It exists as a mental co-ordinate of the landscape which we have all seen at twilight in certain parts of Ireland. Certain stretches of marshland and rock have intense nostalgic associations, as if our history had gone into the soil, and left us with a sense of unfulfilled youth. It is a rootlessness that becomes an

ache. Patrick Collins's pictures extract this quality, and recreate visually the mystic aspect, the troubled absence. They remain in the memory like an unfixed length of film. He has mentioned, in contrast to all this, how his first sight of an English village struck him like a stated fact. It was so unambiguously *there*, so real and certain of itself, that it safely cancelled mystery.

This is a tremendous amount to get into any picture. It is Collins's achievement that he has evolved the completely original style which allows all this to be expressed. There is a complete consonance between what is expressed and how it is expressed, between formal and associative elements, that is the distinguishing mark of the geniune style. Since it is a style dealing with impalpables, with the ghosts of ghosts, it fares badly in group exhibitions. When Collins is asked to talk about this style, he has difficulty, and is reduced to attempts at description of the experiences his pictures project.

The strength and endurance necessary to create an individual style he had gained from a complete confidence in the sources of his art, both within himself and in his environment. 'I know what I want to paint is *there*', he says, 'I only have to find it, to arrive.' He explores in a darkness that is charged with poetic potential. It is in that darkness that his paintings have their slow gestation—which, for the onlooker, is re-experienced in the difficulties of extracting their theme and essence.

In this search, his integrity is notable. 'Despair is an ingredient of every picture.' Once he finds himself on the track, he trusts completely to instinct. 'Its like being given a gift—something given ; afterwards you don't know where you got it . . . Afterwards you wonder at it.' Each picture is an exploration, where nobody, not even he, has been before. As his work matures further, he seems to gain more confidence in his gift ; some of his later paintings are superb in their confidence and strangeness. The confidence comes from a belief that his pictures exist somewhere in his mind before he starts painting them ; as he himself says : 'I have only to find them.' He has the sense of direction and development that all good artists feel. He feels himself guided in a labyrinth of choice, until finally the pictures discover themselves.

His art, then, is one of intuitions and instincts. It exemplifies that strange Irish distrust of the senses, which on occasion seems to open areas of delusion and illusion—the dream of the world which does not replace sense experience, but is almost a peculiar variety of sense experience. He preserves the aspect of things seen in childhood, and recovers for adult eyes the vision of childhood modified by experience. The aspect of things which is preserved, I can only call 'presences' ; the strangeness of things without sign or symbol, without that naming

of objects and phenomena which enables the adult to function in a world of miracles. This quality is, in essence, in his statement : ' It is the aura of an object which interests me more than the object. I see a few bottles on a table and I feel there is more than a few bottles. It is this something more that I try to paint.' Perception and memory here unite in this quality of focus, a concentration and intensification of the emanations of things which are a property of their presence. Collins, in his way, belongs in a category of the uncatagorizable—Samuel Palmer, Odilon Redon, Morris Graves. He is in fact, in his single-minded search for the impalpable, a sort of mystic.

Thus, in describing the evolution of his paintings, one is describing, as close as one can come to it, his wanderings in the penumbra of those sensations which are a major source of his art. For instance, especially in the earlier pictures, the elaboration of texture, within which the subject matter is brought forth, is a direct image of his search for that subject, that moment of psychological arrival. It is a painterly solution to the fundamental problems of setting his imagination free, and it makes every inch of the surface of the painting work.

More recently he has limited his subject by providing it with a painted frame within the frame. As in a vignette, he isolates the essentials from the frame proper, thus making the frame unimportant. There was a tendency towards this in many of his pictures, but it had its first definite expression in a tiny picture, called ' Rain Lake ', in his 1956 exhibition. A central area, a blue impression of mingled rain and water, was set in a surrounding aura of grey. Always aware of the harsh amputation of the frame, Collins has felt a need to surround his pictures as he wills, to allow the subtleties within to achieve their full effect. It is as if his intuitions had become too delicate to survive except in an environment which fostered and nurtured them.

This makes his painting more private. Yet at the same time his subject matter has, paradoxically, become more recognizable and public. The two major paintings of recent years, ' Liffey Quaysides ' and ' Moorland Water ', exemplify this. They are also vast in size compared to the earlier canvasses.

The Joycean overtones of ' Liffey Quaysides ' have been mentioned. It is a wide and spacious conception, seen from a high perspective.

The viewer is one with the circling gulls, looking downwards on the narrow river and the huddled banks of houses on the quays. Painted in silvery greys, with distant hints of colour, it is perhaps his greatest *tour-de-force* to date. The arrangement of what is seen determines the vignette, how the subject is isolated by the painted ' frame ' within the four borders of the canvas. This painted ' frame ' is also grey, so that the quaysides seem to be glimpsed through a hole in the clouds. This

has the effect of lifting the whole concept of the town to the plane of a poetic vision.

' Liffey Quaysides ' is more realistic than most of his work, or at least it has less hypnotic overtones of meaning. In other recent pictures also, the textures are less carefully worked, the colours brighter, and the sense of mystery is less haunting than before. His handling of paint and colour show increasing awareness of abstract expressionism.

All this amounts to a direction away from his earlier work. Yet the great ' Moorland Water ', for which the ' Rain Lake ' of three years earlier might have been a trial run, has all the indirect subtleties of the earlier phase, and seems to summarize and complete it. Isolated within the canvas, the scene turns in a hugh womb-like whorl, shot through with glimpses of rock and water and sky, and gleams of blues and reds among darker, burning umbers. Again, complete recognition of any particular place or element is frustrated ; what now seems water, becomes, at the next glance, sky ; and the eye seeking to lay claim to fact is rejected and left wandering. Shorn of incidentals of time and place, of no landscape in particular, it becomes a great and living symbol which abstracts, like some of Sutherland's landscapes, but in a vastly different way, the essence of a landscape, its emanations and memories. All his finest pictures withhold and give in this way, and ' Moorland Water ' is to me his masterpiece. It is also climactèric and marks the end of a phase. He intended it to summarize all those feelings for place, in this case the Sligo countryside, and those memories of childhood and youth which were the main strength of his art until now. Now he is searching for other directions. Where he will go from here I cannot presume to say, but his art seems to be turning away from the interior dialogue with himself, from its delicately adjusted introspection.

Patrick Collins is by any standards an important painter, perhaps our most important living artist. He has a unique talent, a unique vision, a unique style. His art is born out out of his environment to an extent unusual in modern art, and it finds poetic symbols for the Irish tragedies—absence, unfulfillment, the anguish of nostalgia. In his way he adds, as did Jack Yeats, to the iconography of his country, by giving substance to an impalpable dimension in the elusive Irish mind.

Some Impressions of Education in the U.S.A.

T. Ó RAIFEARTAIGH

I arrived from Ireland in Washington, D.C., on the 4th April 1960, and left the U.S.A. on the following 10th June, having spent almost the entire intervening period in visiting schools of all kinds, from kindergarten to university, in Washington, D.C., North Carolina, Texas, New Mexico, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Seattle, Chicago, Buffalo, Boston and New York city. Throughout the tour I had many discussions on education problems with educators and with members of the general public. I had also, thanks to the State Department and the American Council on Education, the privilege of visiting a number of Americans in their homes.

Life in the U.S.A. is a veritable kaleidoscope, of which the facet that impressed me most strongly was the extraordinary friendliness of the American people. Not for a single moment had I the feeling that I was being passed along in a perfunctory way, as might not unreasonably be expected at the hands of persons who are continually dealing with a multitude of visitors, domestic and foreign. On the contrary, there could be no mistaking the genuineness of the welcome one is accorded.

The officers of the State Department, of the several International Centres and of the American Council of Education, and the voluntary cooperators with the last-named body, are beyond all praise. Everywhere they were as courteous, kind and helpful as anyone could possibly be. On being asked at the end of the visit if I had any suggestions for the better handling of these 'leader tours,' I could reply quite honestly that it did not seem to be humanly possible to improve on the spirit in which one is everywhere received or the efficiency with which everything is arranged and managed.

The Structure of the American Educational System

Unlike the systems of Ireland and France, the administration of education in the U.S.A. is quite decentralized, even more so than in England or West Germany. In the U.S.A., Federal (that is, central government) responsibility in education is limited in the main to the assembling and publishing of educational information (a function which, incidentally, appears to be performed well and thoroughly). Otherwise, public education there is almost entirely in the hands of each individual

State. Indeed, even within each State responsibility for the provision of education is extended in turn to the counties and school districts. Moreover, so far from there being any incipient trend towards centralization, tradition and opinion flow strongly in favour of continued local independence. To the European, accustomed to think in terms of a national authority in such matters, the intensity of Americans' feeling in this regard is startling. Fear of ' control from Washington ' appears to be deeply embedded in the American character, and where, as at the moment in education, a crisis in local financing is threatened, this fear is aggravated by any talk of a need for Federal subsidies.

For this localism there are a number of obvious historical reasons, on which it is not necessary to dwell here. Among its virtues is the existence of an unparalleled civic spirit. Americans generally are not only proud of their local educational institutions (as distinct sometimes from the education provided by these) but take a lively and practical interest therein, so much so as to render the finding of the financial sinews of public and private education a much less difficult task than it would otherwise be. One result of this attitude is that the U.S.A. is the home of private educational endowments.

It is a stock joke among Americans that when two of them are introduced these immediately found an organization for the promotion of something or other. Certainly the country is prolific in useful educational and cultural bodies. Of these, the parent-teacher associations, which operate at local and national levels and in which the parents (usually mothers) appear to predominate, are an outstanding example. As far as an onlooker may judge, their concern is not so much the rights of particular parents as such—those rights are rarely challenged, in theory at any rate—but rather improved provision for schooling and other educational matters of public interest. A teachers' body of nation-wide importance is the National Education Association.

Recent years have seen an intensification of public interest in schooling and it is no exaggeration to say that the U.S.A. is at this moment in the throes of an educational upsurge, a mighty wrestle with an immense problem. In all parts there is a drive for more and better teachers and schools. The university Departments of Education, which have become the chief suppliers of qualified teachers, are straining every nerve to meet the demand. Discussions with Deans of these Departments and with school superintendents and school authorities generally cannot fail to leave an impression of the utter dedication of these men to their task. This drive has enormous achievements to its credit during the last few years, but is probably still far from its peak. The people of the U.S.A. are becoming very conscious that no longer can more and better education be thought of lightly as for leisure, but rather that it is the cutting edge of national survival.

On the debit side of localism is that teachers' salary scales vary not only from State to State, but from county to county and school district to school district within a given State, in accordance with the taxable capacity of the area concerned. The better qualified teachers are thus attracted to the better off centres and the less qualified or unqualified become relegated to peripheral points. This is a serious matter, for talent which would respond to good teaching may thus be in danger of neglect. Moreover, the poorer the area the less are the children's chances of further education and so it is due to such children that what education they do receive be of the best quality available. The problem is similar to that which obtained in Ireland some years ago, in the period before recruitment of untrained primary teachers had ceased. At that time there was a tendency here for the remoter areas to run short of trained teachers.

This situation in the United States is an interesting instance of a conflict between the tradition of local independence and the exigencies of the great national responsibility which leadership of the free world has thrust, willy-nilly, upon that country. That the issue will ultimately be resolved satisfactorily is certain, if one may judge from the vigour and confidence with which it is being approached.

Public and Private Schools

To Irish eyes a second strange feature of the American educational scene is the distinction between ' public ' and ' private ' schools. Perhaps the question most frequently put to me was whether there are both ' public ' and ' private ' schools in Ireland. In reply I was wont to explain that, with the exception of our vocational schools, which in origin are ' public ' foundations, Irish schools are at the same time both ' public ' and ' private ', since none is a State foundation but all receive State assistance and employ State-paid staff.

American ' public ' schools, from elementary to university, are public schools in the primary sense of the term, that is, they are established, controlled and entirely supported by the public authorities. The public elementary and high schools are open gratis to the children of all citizens of the State concerned, but the ' private ' schools, while usually having to satisfy the State or other accrediting authority as to the suitability of their accommodation, curricula, staffing and so on, receive no public assistance and so have to keep going by means of endowments, subscriptions and tuition fees.

This difference in treatment arises mainly from the constitutional confining of State assistance to schools from which the teaching of religion is excluded. The pattern, therefore, is the French one of public school and *école libre,* but there are some important distinctions between the French attitude and that obtaining in the U.S.A. In the first place,

in the U.S.A. there is general goodwill towards the ' private ' schools, as there is a strong strand of American tradition in favour of having education remain outside public control. Secondly, American ' private ' schools cater for about 20% of the total schoolgoing population and the State authorities are well aware that this relieves themselves of a heavy financial burden.

While there are some schools which elect to remain independent for the sake of so being, the great majority of the ' private ' schools are Catholic foundations, as might be expected in view of the Catholic principle that education should be informed and vivified throughout by religion. It is interesting to note that the Catholic schools generally have a high reputation, among all sections of the community, for their spirit of application and discipline, so much so that they receive many non-Catholic pupils.

Many Americans, accustomed to the idea of an absolute dichotomy between Church and State, were puzzled by the Irish practice of full (and of course impartial) State assistance to all denominational schools by contrast with the American principle, a curious instance of differing interpretations of the constitutional separation of Church and State which is common to both countries.

' INTEGRATION '

Unlike the question of State aid for denominational schools, ' integration ' in education, that is, the admission of ' coloured ' children to the same school as white, is a peculiarly American problem. The educators whom I met are to a man in its favour, as is to be expected from what may be assumed to be the most enlightened stratum of society. Some of them, however, feel that a little more time must be given to parts of the South, as old prejudices die hard.

By and large, one receives the impression that, even in the South, public opinion is gradually solidifying in favour of ' integration '. In North Carolina, for instance, ' segregation ' is very much on the way out, although, as I was assured, ten years ago it was the rule there and in fact is still so in South Carolina. There can scarcely be any doubt that fifty years hence this educational problem will have ceased to exist. How long the question of ' colour ' may continue as a social problem is another matter.

CONDUCT AND DISCIPLINE IN AMERICAN SCHOOLS

In the schools I visited, which were of all shades and varieties, including an elementary school containing children of twenty-three races and situated in a poor quarter of a very large city, I did not come across any sign of rudeness or brashness. No doubt there are many ' tough ' pupils and ' tough ' schools in the great cosmopolitan cities of the U.S.A., as there are in all the great cities of the world, but my

invariable experience was that American youth is very well-behaved and attentive in the classroom and extremely polite and helpful on the campus. In view of the ' blackboard jungle ' type of sensationalism which has received so much publicity, this testimony may sound strange, even to American ears, but there it is.

A noteworthy instance of training in civic spirit and helpfulness is the not infrequent practice in suburban schools of having the senior pupils take charge of the traffic outside the school gate after the last class so as to ensure a safe crossing of the road for the younger children.

The Standard of American Education

As a former teacher and former State inspector of secondary schools (corresponding to the American high schools), it is second nature to me to believe that, given reasonably good accommodation and equipment, almost all else is merely incidental to the work done in class. It was, therefore, my principal care, with the permission of the school authorities and teachers, to get down into the classroom, remain there during the entire period, see how the individual children tackled the work set them and finally question the pupils generally with a mind to comparing their answering with what might be expected from Irish, and, as far as my knowledge and experience went, other European children of the same age group. As there are no school inspectors in the U.S.A., this was a novelty to many teachers, but one and all welcomed the idea.

How do American and European standards compare ?

As every school inspector knows, one cannot speak of ' the standard of education ' in any wide area, not to mention a country of continental size in which the system is decentralized. To do so would be as absurd as to say of any particular country that it has ' the best (or the worst) system of education in the world '. The most that one can generalize about the standard of education in the United States is that it is uneven.

With those reservations, I would say that in the elementary schools I saw, in which I concentrated on English and arithmetic, there is not much to choose between the U.S.A. and ourselves. This was so even of the multi-racial school already referred to. One could readily imagine its staff of excellent teachers busy at their task and, ignoring the various physiognomies and hues, the children busy at theirs in some large school in Ireland.

In subjects other than the two mentioned, American elementary schools have a somewhat broader curriculum than ours, or rather teach the usual subjects in a wider connotation. History and Geography, for example, extend far into the realm of sociology, including a good deal of civics and a mass of general information and activities.

In the main, however, my attention was given to high schools, as that type of school had for many years been my professional interest.

That very American institution, the high school, is neither our secondary school nor the French *lycée* nor the German *gymnasium*; nor is it our vocational nor the English secondary modern school. It is called upon to perform the functions of all of these, for it would be entirely in conflict with the American concept of democracy to have any but a single school, even at secondary level, for all types of pupil. Anyone who has been to U.S.A. and has, so to speak, felt the pulse there, will be aware that whatever advantages may be claimed for the system of eleven or twelve or thirteen plus, any attempt at assigning American children to two different types of school on a discriminative basis would not be tolerated by their parents or by public opinion.

There has, however, been great confusion, even in the United States, over the issue of the high school, with its comprehensive curriculum and virtually indiscriminate admission, *versus* the European selective secondary school. Often both the defenders and the critics of the American high school fail to distinguish between the principle of its being comprehensive and the quality of the work actually done therein.

Now, while in the matter of organization there may be some drawbacks to the comprehensive school, educationally there is nothing wrong in principle with the idea of a single school for all pupils of a particular age group. Common sense will tell us that normally there is no necessary loss or gain as between having the pupils in separate classrooms under one roof and having them in separate buildings. Comprehensive secondary schools have long been the rule in Scotland, a country with a reputation for high educational standards. What matters is what happens within the school, and there is no law of nature whereby a selective secondary school must cater more successfully for all its pupils than a comprehensive high school for its pupils of talent. Much will depend on the quality of the teachers and on staffing and organization. The real issue, therefore, is whether the American high school is performing well and fully its general function, that is, the preparation of all its pupils for their place in society, and its special functions, the provision of an intellectual discipline of a reasonable standard for the academic type of pupil and the catering for a diversity of abilities other than academic.

Two differences between the European and American systems, with at first sight the advantage to Europe, strike the observer immediately. In the first place, the American high school course is normally a four year one and so the European pupil who completes his secondary schooling has usually spent a substantially longer period at the secondary than has his American counterpart at high school. In this regard it may be mentioned that in may parts of the U.S.A. junior high schools are being established with the part purpose of lengthening the high school course at the lower end.

More important than even the extra year, however, is the fact that

the European secondary school pupil carries all or most of his subjects abreast for five or more years, with a fairly stiff final examination, whereas usually the young American has no final general test, but achieves his high school rating by class attendance, often for less than four years, in his several subjects and by concurrent end-of-semester house examinations.

It might therefore be expected that on leaving high school, at eighteen years of age or so, the average American pupil would be less profoundly versed in the more intellectual disciplines e.g. the vernacular and its literature, mathematics, Science subjects, Latin, a second European language, History and Geography, than would the European, although the former's programme of general studies and activities might have been of a wider range.

But this is not the whole story. I overheard an American youngster with European experience remark, ' Yes, those European kids know a lot of stuff out of books, but they don't know how to talk to people ', and there is some wisdom in this dictum. Before entering the high school classrooms or attempting to make any detailed comparisons, we must examine further the structure of the American system.

' College '

The American education system, and in particular the place of the high school therein, cannot be properly assessed without an understanding of the term ' College ' in the American sense. ' To go to College ' is the ambition of most American parents for their children, but it is not easy to find a cut-and-dried definition that will distinguish between ' College ' and ' university ', as American opinion itself is imprecise in the matter. Roughly speaking, ' College ' applies to the ' Liberal Arts ' course up to the primary degree, with many ' Colleges ' not empowered to award degrees beyond that stage. A ' university ' includes a ' College ', but provides also a postgraduate curriculum in ' Liberal Arts ' and the professional courses. When, therefore, one speaks in the U.S.A. of our Irish University Colleges, the American hearer has difficulty in grasping that each of these is a complete university in the American sense. So much is this so that one is finally driven to say ' Cork University ' and ' Galway University ', but again this has the disadvantage of making confusion worse confounded in the case of University College, Dublin and Trinity College, for ' Dublin University ' is often taken to mean, not Trinity College, but University College, Dublin, with the converse of equally frequent occurrence.

However that may be, ' College ', that is, a two to four years course in ' Liberal Arts ' or in a mixture of ' Liberal Arts ' with some preliminary ingredients of the professional course, if any, to be taken later, is generally obligatory as a preliminary to professional courses. For teaching, business and other professions which are as much an art as

a technique, ' College ' may, however, comprise a full professional course.

A shortcoming in the system of entrance to ' College ' is that, as already mentioned, there is often no leaving certificate or matriculation examination as we know them. Students are usually admitted by the College authorities on the basis of their high school records. This method of selection can at its worst degenerate into little more than an assessment of the applicant's attendance record at high school classes. Moreover, some students, if not admitted to the College of their choice, keep applying to various Colleges until they are accepted somewhere. Not a few of these triers are ill-fitted academically for their prospective courses. (For such some Colleges provide a ' grind ' colloquially called ' bonehead English.')

Large numbers, therefore, fall by the wayside in the first year or two of College, especially as many students, finding part-time employment as waiters or the like in the evenings or the week-ends, have little time to devote to extra-class study.

Nevertheless, the whole idea of ' College ' as a cultural course in the absolute or as a pre-professional requirement is Newman's ideal put into practice on a very large scale, although Newman might not approve of the intellectual content of some of the courses concerned. ' College ' is undoubtedly a very important contribution to the general level of American culture. That Europe could not afford such a procedure is simply Europe's loss.

The great numbers at ' College ' give a swollen figure of university attendance in the U.S.A., 30% or more of the age group 18 to 22 as against the European figure of 5% or so. For this reason no valid comparison between European and American university undergraduate standards is possible, since when one speaks of 30% of an age group and of 5% of the same age group elsewhere, one is speaking of two quite different things. Any random comparison would be unfair, as the margin between the really good European students and the remainder of the 5% is small, whereas in the U.S.A. the margin is the difference between, say, 1% and the remaining 29%, within which range there is room for standards to fall very low. If a comparison is insisted upon, all that can be said is that it is well known that at postgraduate and professional level the quality of American published work, not only in science, but in such traditional subjects as English literature, history, Latin and so on, is at least the equal of that of any country.

From all this it may be surmised that in the U.S.A. there is no very clear-cut dividing line between the standard at the top level of the high school and that to be found in the lower reaches of ' College '. A virtue of this, or perhaps of the American democratic idea, is that American College and university staffs think it useful to consult from time to time with their high school confrères. The very constructive discussions

that result, at one of which I was privileged to be present, make for the allaying of mutual prejudices and a greater mutual understanding. They are a particularly pleasing feature of the American education system.

Before leaving the subject of ' College ' and university, it may be worth mentioning that where a student fails to secure admission to a public College within his own State and has to find a place in a public College elsewhere or in some private College, the all-inclusive cost of his College education, allowing on the one hand for the high income level in the U.S.A. and on the other for the high cost of living there, is probably about three times what it is in Ireland. This accounts to some extent for the large number of American students who have to ' work their way through College.' Many American parents, unaware that the problem of university accommodation is even more acute in Europe than in the U.S.A., speak seriously of sending their children to an Irish or other European university.

American high schools and their curricula must therefore be viewed in the larger context of high school-cum-College. The high school students who proceed to College, a large proportion of the total, receive there something that European secondary school pupils either miss altogether or swallow at a less mature age, for ' College ' as a largely cultural pre-professional university course can hardly be said to exist in Europe. Those American students, therefore, who survive to become the finished product of their universities ought to be, and no doubt very often are, better educated men and women than their European counterparts.

The Curriculum and Work of the High School

To come down now to the high school classrooms, there is in the United States, as in all countries, a chronic shortage of fully qualified teachers of mathematics and science subjects. This, of course, is merely an extension of the pattern of industry and business. Again, as in almost all countries except Ireland, there is a substantial shortage of qualified teachers of subjects other than the two mentioned. That said, it may at once be added that in the U.S.A. high schools generally there is good and thorough teaching. Weak classes there are, but I did not come across any listless teacher. On the contrary, among all those I met there was a spirit of commitment to what they regard as an urgent national responsibility.

Moreover, the classwork there generally is often much more attractive, much less humdrum, than in European schools. Here the traditional method of teaching Latin is rarely enlivened by such a ' project ' as the making of plasticene figures of Roman soldiers, generals, senators, matrons or the like, or the demonstrating of how Hannibal won Cannae. Such digressions from the conning of the parts of irregular verbs help

to maintain lagging interest. Diversions of the sort can of course be too frequent, and in fact there is at the moment a strong movement away from 'Deweyism' (so called from Dewey, an educational figure who is taken to have preached that the child should be given his head in whatever form of activity he prefers) and towards the traditional processes of teaching and learning, towards subject content rather than teaching methods. But while 'Deweyism' can be and, it is widely alleged, has been overdone, a happy mean is preferable to the violent swing of the pendulum to which teaching methods are too often subject. Incidentally, I should perhaps mention that I saw a high school freshman (First Year) Latin class in which the teacher combined the use of mechanical aids and traditional methods and that, with a long experience of inspecting the teaching of Latin in Irish schools, where the grounding given is often very good indeed, I have never seen a better First Year Latin class. As a matter of special interest it may be added that the only Greek class I happened to see in the States made an equally good showing. Admittedly the pupils concerned were—heretofore a rarity in the United States—selected groups of what we would call very good Honours standard.

Mechanical Aids

Mechanical aids, especially the film and the recording machine, are widely employed. One use of the recording machine is the reproducing of the parts taken by the various members of the class in the play that is being studied. Mistakes in pronunciation and in dramatic emphasis can thus be noted by the offender. This emboldens the girls to improve their efforts, but the boys seem less open to its influence. At any rate the boys I heard under the test were inclined unblushingly to repeat their errors. Another advantage of these machines is that in large schools they save the time and voice of the teacher by repeating to a number of classes the instructions for homework, based on the textbook.

The more one sees of educational films, however, the more one doubts the efficacy of some of them. For example, in a Domestic Science class (the American term is Home Economics) there was a lesson on how to wrap a parcel properly. The film had everything to make it attractive, a mellow speaking voice, coloured ribbons, a pretty label addressed to an aunt and so on. It ended with a neatly and prettily wrapped packet. In reality, however, it appeared to be so much time lost, for the children were quite passive and the teacher would have to do it all over again, with many of the pupils only attaining perfection after first doing wrongly now this part, now the other. (It occurred to me incidentally that it is doubtful if any European school would regard teaching how to wrap and tie a parcel as its function. Perhaps, however,

the Americans are right in defining education somewhat more broadly than we.)

On the other hand, some of the history and geography films could not but enrich the students' knowledge and imagination beyond what the best teacher could achieve. It should be mentioned also that educational films dealing with the part played by the U.S.A. in world history are characterized by an objectivity that does great credit to the spirit of American education.

Textbooks

A matter worthy of special note is the quality of the textbooks. They cover their subjects lucidly and thoroughly and are illustrated and produced most attractively. Teachers and pupils are expected to use them to the utmost and this they do. It could, however, be contended that the very excellence of the textbooks is in some degree a drawback. At any rate, one receives the impression that overuse of them tends to take from the intellectual effort that should be involved in classwork.

An example might illustrate the matter better than I can explain it. In the course of questioning a highly intelligent sophomore (Second Year) high school English class which had been in the hands of an able and earnest teacher, I asked for the names of four English poets of the first rank. A few pupils volunteered Longfellow, but eventually the names of Shakespeare, Wordsworth, Shelley and Keats were elicited. The class knew quite a lot about these, when and where they lived and died and so on, including a good deal of information that I had forgotten or never knew, but on being asked to quote a few lines from any one of the four, they were unable to do so. The textbook had supplied a plethora of information about the poets, but it could not, of course, teach appreciation of their work. That process must depend, not on any textbook, but on the teacher's art of imparting to the pupils his own feeling for poetry. Part of his method in this regard should be to have them repeat and learn by rote some of the best poems or lines, so that they would come to appreciate these in the same way as one comes to recognize good painting by looking long and often at good paintings.

Irish pupils might well experience the converse of the method in question. An anthology, not a textbook, would be put into their hands. The notes on the lives of the poets and on the meaning of difficult references would, as likely as not, be in small print at the back, where they might or might not read them. At the end of the school year they might not on the spur of the moment be too sure of when or where Wordsworth died, but very probably they could repeat some of his best sonnets and under a good teacher would have come to realize that in these they had acquired a possession for ever.

Once again, however, it must be stressed that any generalization is dangerous. While the learning of poetry by rote is customary in Irish schools, the incident cited is not necessarily typical of American practice. It is introduced here merely to show the undesirability of overmuch dependence on any textbook, however good.

One educator (the term used in the U.S.A. for what we would call an educationalist—the latter word has a slightly pejorative nuance there) felt strongly that Latin should be compulsory for all high school students. ' But ' I asked, ' how could you possibly find enough qualified teachers for this ? ' ' We wouldn't need qualified teachers ', he replied. ' The textbooks are so good that a little Latin on the part of the teacher would go a very long way ' !

The Latin textbooks are very good, but those for the teaching of science subjects are, as might be expected, a sheer delight to the eye and the mind. At the risk of apparently contradicting the opinion expressed above, it must be said that it would be almost impossible for a reasonably intelligent American schoolchild not to acquire a good elementary knowledge of the natural sciences and, more important, an interest in them, from the textbook alone.

The Courses Taught in High School

To go into any further detail on teaching method might be tedious to the reader. In any case, the finer points of method will vary with the individual teacher, but it may be repeated that the teaching generally is good and thorough, sometimes indeed inspired, as, for example, when a class of young children, tired of routine, were asked to take the floor to a musical recording, with each of them expected to create his own individual dance form and rhythm.

It is not teaching method that strikes the visitor as unusual, but rather the impact of public feeling on method and organization. The philosophy that insists on a comprehensive postprimary school is also behind the view that even within the comprehensive school there should be no clear-cut distinction between the kind of courses taken by the more and by the less able pupils, lest any such form of separation might set a headline for social segregation. European educators, accustomed to the dual stream, or ' Pass ' and ' Honours ' classes, or whatever it may be called, would probably have little fear on this score, as their experience will have been that the boy or girl of ' Pass ' standard usually feels more relieved than otherwise at not having to attempt the ' Honours ' course. Certainly his or her personality will not suffer unduly thereby, if my recollection of my own secondary school days is not awry. American parents, however, are sensitive in this regard, and it is only recently that a movement towards ' streaming ' on the basis of ability has set in, following on a pronouncement in its favour by the distinguished American educator, Conant.

All this boils down to the fact that in the U.S.A., as in every other country, the system of education does not exist in a vacuum, but strongly reflects the outlook of the community. It would therefore be foolish to suggest the importing into the American system of fully-fledged 'Pass' and 'Honours' streams or nation-wide State examinations. The vastness of the country would render the latter measure, at any rate, unworkable. Nevertheless, to a visitor, who of course may well be insufficiently informed, it does seem that there is place for more widespread testing, on a regional basis, in a broad front of academic subjects at a given moment towards the end of the high school course. Where this is absent there is often no adequate incentive for the abler student to show his academic paces. Sometimes, therefore, it can happen that it is only in the Junior (that is, Third) year or so of College, when many of the weaker brethren have fallen by the wayside, that such motivation, as Americans would call it, comes into play.

For those capable of benefiting from a solid high school course in the traditional disciplines a more protracted course in these would be called for by such a final year general test, and for such students this would be educationally sounder than the present system of credits for having at various stages of the high school course attended for a limited number of semester hours at classes in a variety of subjects of which some may have no great intellectual content.

It is desired to stress that this view relates only to students of higher ability. As circumstances are, the present arrangement appears to be the more suitable and perhaps indeed the only feasible method of catering for the majority of the millions of students concerned.

No General Comparison Possible

Speaking generally, one might perhaps conclude that the comprehensive character of the American high school demands of it a wider scope and a greater flexibility than the European *lycée* or *gymnasium* or secondary school, which latter institutions are dealing with a selected group. No valid comparison can therefore be made between the two types. Each has sprung from a different concept and so has a different function. The European secondary school pupil probably knows more about less, but with this less comprising mainly academic knowledge. As against that, American pupils address themselves in an easier and more familiar way to the teacher, without bashfulness but without disrespect, and have had more training in what is there called 'life adjustment'. The European pupil would probably be the better of a little more assurance, while it might be to the advantage of the American pupil to concentrate on a narrower and more academic front.

With the greatest hesitation, I would venture the opinion that while the European tradition has been to stress the intellectual and to neglect

the psychological and physical in education, American practice may be suffering from an insufficient recognition of the place due to the intellect in the curricular hierarchy. *Pace* the wisdom *ex ore infantium* already referred to, it is the primary function of a high school to impart ' a lot of stuff out of books '. (The practical application of this in the case of individual pupils will, of course, depend on many factors.)

Many Americans themselves have come to this conclusion, and it is partly for this reason and also, of course, partly because far away hills are green, that the American public generally has an excess of deference for a European education and is sometimes inclined to speak slightingly of its own system. The main cause, however, of the disesteem in which many of them hold the schooling given there is not so much by reference to the high schools but rather that the system generally has for a number of years been subjected to a fierce barrage of the ' Why can't Johnny read ? ' type.

The Problem of Reading

Now Johnny generally *can* read, and that at quite an early age. At least that was my experience. Incidentally, Johnny can also do his arithmetic pretty well. Over and above good written work, I saw excellent practice in mental arithmetic in several elementary or, as they are there called, ' grade ' or ' grammar ' schools. (For the benefit of the American reader it may be mentioned that a ' grammar ' school on the European side of the Atlantic is the academic type of secondary school. Such confusion in educational terminology, of which there is much, can be very misleading.)

There are, however, two kinds of Johnny who at the age of ten or so cannot yet read. One is the ' poor little rich boy ' who up to then has been at a nursery type of ' private ' school where the pupils are kept occupied somehow but receive no regular or skilled instruction. This sort of school is found in all countries. The trouble with it is that if Johnny or Seán or Jean or Giovanni, spoiled at home, complains loudly enough that he does not like teacher, his parents threaten to remove him and the school has to relax its discipline or lose the tuition fee on which it depends for its existence.

The other type of Johnny, who is peculiar to the U.S.A., is a more serious problem. He is the great mass of young Puerto Ricans or Chinese or Slavs or negroes or other (not usually Irish or Italian any more, except for the occasional colony of Italian or Irish extraction which has remained at a low social level) whose parents, other than those of the negroes, are recent immigrants or first generation but not yet assimilated Americans, and who are condemned to spend their childhood in an extremely crowded and squalid quarter of one of the great cities. While there is also the question of the education of the rural or recently rural negro in the South and while there exist here and there some pockets

of near-illiterate whites of what is called the ' hillbilly ' type, in the main the problem is an urban one. Often the parents speak no English and the child very little. In such circumstances it would be more than surprising if these pupils could learn to read English (which is what is meant by ' learning to read ') before eleven or twelve years of age.

These immigrants or unassimilated first generation Americans live together in such large colonies in the cities that they present an educational problem that will take at least a generation to resolve. A further difficulty arises from the constant drift of negro families to the northern cities. These also tend to dwell in colonies except where, as in Washington, the capital, they are up to 60% or 70% of the population. Unlike the others mentioned, the poorer negroes speak English, of a sort, and while their intellectual potential is said to be no different from that of the white races, most of them have no educational tradition or background. One can, therefore, find in the same school district an all-white, or mainly white, elementary school where the answering is superior to that in the neighbouring ' coloured ' or mainly ' coloured ' school, although the staffs of the two schools are of equal calibre.

In the deep South the question of State provision of additional schools and teachers is, of course, complicated by the ' integration ' problem.

Novel Aspects of American School-life

Often, also, the question, ' Why can't Johnny read? ', like so many rhetorical questions on education, does not mean what it says. Rather does it mean, ' Why can't he read easily and fluently, and why does he not care for reading? ' Where the latter is the case, it is certainly not for lack of a school library, for American schools are extremely well supplied in that respect. Nor is it for lack of urging on the part of the teachers, although there is a certain tendency in American schools to emphasise the importance of ' looking up references ' rather than of sustained reading. The great reason for Johnny having no taste for reading is the tremendous emphasis in American life on physical activity of some kind and on the watching of games on the campus or of ' westerns ' and the like on television. In school life particularly, games are part of the picture to a degree that is almost incredible to Europeans who have not been there to see this for themselves. This is partly because the Americans are still to a great extent endowed with that pioneering, active nature and exuberant vitality that is at the root of the nation's greatness, partly because the average boy or girl in any country, if accorded the degree of liberty given to American children, would scarcely choose reading as a principal pastime and partly because of the enormous prestige enjoyed by schools which distinguish themselves in games. It is a point of honour for an alumnus to be a vociferous and lifelong supporter of his school's team. Inter-school and inter-varsity football and baseball attract huge crowds, and favourable notice

of even a high school boy in football or baseball may open the way for him to a lucrative profession as a player or coach.

A somewhat different aspect of school life there is the important place given to the national flag. All schools fly the Stars and Stripes, as do many churches. In Ireland the general feeling would probably be that to fly the flag on schools or churches would savour of an over-emphasis on nationalism. Not so in the U.S.A. There an outward (and, it may be assumed, inward) emphasis on the flag and, perhaps to a slightly lesser degree, on the Constitution, is held and felt to be a matter of supreme importance. One reason for this is that the U.S.A. is still absorbing powerful streams of immigrants of many origins. The task is to weld all these into one nation, and the flag, being the obvious national symbol, is put forward as such at the most impressionable age. In this the Americans are probably wise in their generation. It will be recalled that when the Comte de Chambord was offered the throne of France but would not stomach the tricolour, Marshal MacMahon remarked to him that if the fleur-de-lys were to be run up, the soldiers' rifles 'would go off of their own accord'.

That the American constitution and American history are also stressed very heavily in the schools is similarly understandable, particularly as the history of the country, brief though it be, can boast of a large number of very remarkable leaders renowned for their efforts, not in war, but in the cause of peace and concord.

The flag, constitution and history probably fill part of the void created in the public schools by the absence of religious teaching there. It is, however, to be noted that they are given an equally important place in the private schools.

Another powerful unifying influence is the almost exclusive use of the English language as a medium of instruction in the elementary school, whatever the child's home language may be. One reason for this is the difficulty of finding teachers with a command of any of the various other vernaculars.

A drawback to this justifiable effort to mould the citizens of the U.S.A. into one homogeneous whole is that sometimes values tend to get mixed. An instance of the kind, I was told, is the disproportionate interest of history students in the American Civil War (or, as it is called there, the War between the States). Such, however, is a comparatively small matter in relation to what is fundamentally a good and simple people who are by no means given to chauvinism and who perhaps get their national values less confused than any other nation one may care to name. There seems to be no feeling, at least in educational circles, of that sense of superiority which history tells us was the national vice of Spain, France and Britain in turn during their periods of world leadership. This absence of a superior attitude among the people of the U.S.A. and their acceptance of themselves and of others as they

find them is probably due in the main to their innate sense of the fundamental equality of man, wherever he may be found. It may also be due in part to their realization that the ' fortress of America ' is not all-sufficient in the face of a rival who controls almost half the world and is in possession of weapons of immeasurable destruction. On the other hand, it would seem that the American people, to whom the idea of using their giant strength for the purpose of imperialist expansion is anathema, are, rightly or wrongly, quite certain that their might and resources are such as to forbid any total cataclysm. In Chicago, an obvious target of immediate attack, it was interesting during the days of the recent ' summit ' conference débâcle, when it could be thought that almost anything might happen, to observe this quiet confidence on the part of all sections of the population, from university professors to taxi-drivers.

The Special Contribution of the U.S.A. to Education

The special American contribution to education may not be, as is sometimes claimed, the comprehensive high school. It may rather be, firstly, that such a high proportion of young people go to ' College ' and, secondly, that a complete course of high school education is available gratis to all, in so far as room can be found in the schools (and each year sees a greater and greater provision of places). It is not, however, to be supposed that everyone between the ages of 14 and 18 who could attend high school is doing so. The bootblacks of not more than 15 years of age who are to be seen plying their trade in public places from Monday to Friday are evidently not at high school or any school*. Again, of those who do attend high school, probably more than a third leave before completing the course. A large number take up full-time work at 16, while others leave high school at that age to attend part-time at vocational schools during their industrial training. Finally, the price that has to be paid by Catholics and those of other religious denominations who believe that the teaching of religion should be an integral part of education is the building, staffing and maintenance of their own schools. Here it may be permitted to a friendly visitor to wonder whether a great and godfearing people might not find some alternative to the official exclusion from the curriculum of such formative institutions as its public schools of the teaching of eschatological values, which in the belief of very many millions of the American people are the supreme values. For the moment strong family religious traditions doubtless continue to hold the fort, but if the young mind eventually becomes a no man's land of the spirit, it could quickly be occupied by many evil forms of materialsim.

* There is no high school on Saturdays. This loss of morning classes over a period of years is substantial.

Vocational Education

As vocational education has been mentioned, a few words on it may not be amiss. In Ireland vocational, as distinct from technical, education is generally understood as referring to full-time continuation pre-technical courses for the 14–16 age group. In the U.S.A., as in most countries, vocational education usually means the kind of part-time education that goes with post-16 industrial training. In those countries it is often provided by and within the factory. Where in the U.S.A. it is given in a school, on a part-time release basis, it falls mainly into two sections—business training of many varieties and manual skills with a good intellectual content. As far as I could judge within the time at my disposal, the work done is of a highgrade character and the teaching excellent, although in the manual skills the student material is not always of the best, a result of the attraction of ' College ' for students of high quality.

I would have liked to have visited many vocational schools but time forbade. It was likewise not possible within the time available to make any assessment of the position in modern language teaching. The five or six French classes I saw were in the hands of good teachers who spoke French well. Unfortunately, the great distance from Europe and the great expense of the journey there are serious (but evidently not insuperable) obstacles to the attainment of oral fluency.

Conclusion

These are a few impressions, based in part on notes taken at the time, but they are no more than that. Certainly they are not intended to be categorical judgments, for it is a safe rule in education that the more categorical the critic, the more likely is he to prove ill-informed.

I should add that at no time did the State or other authorities even hint that they expected me to give any account of what I had seen or thought, but it seemed a pity not to jot down some comments while my memory of the visit was still fresh.

Like our Gaelic poets of old time, let me repeat at the end what I have said at the beginning. My most vivid impression was of the overwhelming friendliness I was privileged to experience. There is a book called *The Ugly American* which everywhere stares at one from bookstalls, evidence enough that complacency is not an American vice Indeed, as far as that goes, the people of the U.S.A. seem to be over-critical of their own achievements in the enormous educational responsibility which is theirs and which they are facing with a vigour and resolve that is worthy of their best traditions. To return, however, to *The Ugly American*, I met none such, but did meet a large number of people of all creeds, classes and colours whom I would be proud to have as friends. There is room for a book to be called *The Good American* which would do justice to this great people.

James Stephens

Part II: *Reincarnations* and remaining works

AUGUSTINE MARTIN

THERE is a notable falling off in James Stephens's poetic productiveness from about 1916 onwards. In my previous essay[1] I attempted to deal in outline with his poetry up to this time, and to distinguish certain philosophical trends that ran through his early poetry as a whole. In this essay I propose to comment on his volume of adaptations from the Irish, *Reincarnations* which was published in 1918, and the later volumes of mystical poetry *Strict Joy* (1931), *Kings and the Moon* (1938) and his additional poems, in short Books 7, 8 and 9 of his 1954 collected edition. As my purpose is critical rather than scholarly, I shall confine myself largely to this final edition of his poetry and make no references to earlier versions or names of poems except when such procedure casts especial light on any problem under discussion.

Stephens's attitude towards Ireland's past and present was characteristically individual. I suggested in my last essay that of all the poets of the Celtic Twilight, Stephens was perhaps the least twilit. He was, ironically, one of the most Celtic or, to be precise, Irish. He loved Irish folklore and legend ; he translated the Irish poets with unerring fidelity ; he breathed new life into the old heroic tales ; but he did not, as some of his countrymen did, allow these things to provide motives and types for actual life. Yeats might see Cathleen Ní Houlihan arising again on the boards of the Abbey as a symbol of resurgent Ireland, or see Cuchullain striding through the G.P.O., but for Stephens the legends remained legends, lovely in themselves, but with no real reference to life. Again Stephens was a keen and involved Sinn Féiner but, in general, he kept his politics out of his poetry. In *Outlook for Literature,* he wrote against the idea of *engagé* poetry.

> A country is in a pretty serious condition when its poetry has to become national ; when it has to become, that is, politically angry and defensive. The poets of such a country are almost prohibited from producing poetry. They have to produce instead, the anger and the discomfort of the day.

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[1] *Studies,* Summer, 1960.

It is interesting to reflect that in his long and very beautiful poem '1916' he concentrates not on the political conflicts surrounding the executions, but on the human tragedy of the young men who died to free their country. Thus when he wishes to write of leprechauns, gods and heroes, he takes us bodily into a world of fantasy, which is radically removed from life, and gives us a book like *The Crock of Gold* ; and when he wishes to translate from the Irish, he goes direct to the Gaelic originals and translates them with a fidelity and Irishness that is free from all twentieth century colouring.

Throughout all his writings he keeps a surprisingly clear division between the real and the fanciful, and refuses to allow his literature to be affected by extra-literary considerations. His attitude towards the old tales—at least as far as the poetry is concerned—might be summed up in his poem 'Deirdre' :

> Now she is but a story that is told
> Beside the fire! No man can ever be
> The friend of that poor queen.

Consequently when Stephens wishes to go back to his roots, he discards the rather hazy emotional conceptions of Irishness that were current in his day, and gets to the genuine Gaelic sources. Whether he realized it or not, there was much in the poetry of the most 'Celtic' of his contemporaries that was not Irish at all. Space permits only a brief remark on this, but it deserves a study in itself. The impact of Macpherson's spectacular forgeries on Irish literature has never been properly investigated but, especially in the nineteenth century, it seems to have been considerable. Not only did it send people to study and translate Gaelic matter but it influenced greatly the tone of many of the translations. His spirit haunts that huge collection of translations from the Irish, James Hardiman's *Irish Minstrelsy* (1831). Here a large body of Irish poems is translated by a team of writers. The translations maintain a reasonably close correspondence with the themes of the Irish originals but they are all infected with a combination of nineteenth century romanticism and the Macphersonian atmosphere and diction. The translators apparently set out to find Macpherson's high visionary world in these Irish poems and one way or another they succeeded in finding it. Most Irish writers of the nineteenth century were influenced by this monumental collection. Echoes of it can be found in Aubrey de Vere, and Ferguson was quite demonstrably under its influence. Through this and through a thousand smaller channels Macpherson's spurious Celticism imposed itself on the Irish Revival, till eventually the Irish poets either learned the language or studied good translations and thus shook it off. The latter process is interesting to watch in Yeats as he progresses from such a hazily 'Celtic' poem as the

' Wanderings of Ossian ', to the genuine Gaelic ring of ' The curse of Cromwell ', written almost fifty years later. Now Stephens was not the first to rise above these false conventions and to translate direct from source. Mangan, Walsh and Douglas Hyde had already done distinguished work in this field.

The particular merit of Stephens's adaptations is that they preserve the spirit of the originals and yet have all the freshness and vitality of original poems in English. In his collected edition he does not even bother to indicate that they are translations. They have another substantial merit. Taken as a whole, his adaptations from Ó Bruadair and Ó Rathaile present a complete phase of Irish social history, the broken world that survived after Kinsale. In fact, it can be said of Stephens that he cannot be properly appreciated unless all his poetry is viewed as a unity. His individual poems complement each other so much and so build up to a consistent view of man and society and history.

With regard to his knowledge of Irish, it can be said that he could read it with the help of a dictionary, could speak it, but not fluently, but that he habitually learned by heart and recited Irish poems and songs. He was therefore in a position to avail himself of the translations of Raftery, Ó Bruadair and Ó Rathaile that were to hand. He had as his close friends and mentors Osborn Bergin and Stephen McKenna, both linguists, poets and translators. Finally, he had that intuitive poetic gift that can go straight to the heart of a poem almost in defiance of linguistic barriers.

The poets that Stephens chose to translate are very much in accord with his own temperament and they mirror many of his own preoccupations. In Raftery he found that gay vagrant tunefulness and extravagant spirit that characterized much of his own early lyrics such as ' The Daisies '. In Ó Bruadair and Ó Rathaile he found the anger and bitterness at society that we have also noticed in poems like ' The Dancer '. The strange dichotomy that we saw in his original poems persists even here in his adaptations.

His technique in translation is interesting ; he chooses a few key lines and phrases from the original poem and builds his adaptation on them. Perhaps I may be excused if I examine in detail one of his adaptations from Raftery in the hope of exposing his general method.

The short lyric ' Nancy Walsh ' (that on p. 50 of the Collected Poems, 1954) composed of twenty-two short lines is based on Raftery's ' Nansaidh Breathnach ' of forty-eight lines i.e. six regular stanzas of eight lines each.

Stephens opens his poem by seizing on line twenty-five of the original which reads :

Tá a folt ar dhath an óir ag teacht go béal a bróg

which is a rather commonplace, if melodious, conceit in this type of Gaelic poetry. But there is nothing commonplace in Stephens's version of it which is resonant and finely rhetorical.

It is not on her gown she fears to tread
But on her hair
That tumbles down and strays
About her ways

There Stephens has his first stanza. The third stanza goes back to line 6 for its runway :

Thréigfinn bean a's clann a stóir dá ngluaistheá liom go h-Iorras

We would leave behind
Both wife and child
And house and home
And wander blind
And wander thus
And ever roam
If she would come to us
In Erris

And finally the last three lines of the poem which transfer us to a soft intimate whisper come straight from lines nine and ten of the original.

Labhair sí liom go tláth . . . .
bíodh foighid agat go dtagaidh an oíche
is éalóchad leat . . . .

which he renders :

Softly she said to me
Be patient till the night comes
And I will go with thee

So in all Stephens based his twenty-two line poem upon five lines of the original forty-eight. It is a new poem, an original poem in its own right. It does not come up to the original in that it is over rhetorical and rather jerky in its movement. It surpasses the original in that it has none of its diffuseness, its inert words and phrases, while saying the same things. For it does say the same things, not in the same manner but in the same spirit.

This method of translation persists throughout with a few exceptions, particularly ' The County of Mayo ' and ' Geoffrey Keating ' which are very close indeed to the originals. As a method it is seen at its best

in that beautiful lyric flight ' Mary Hynes ' which he begat on three lines of the original. Here is its first stanza.

She is the sky
Of the sun
She is the dart
Of love
She is the love
Of my heart
She is a rune
She is above the women
of the race of Eve
As the sun is above the moon

Stephens takes only those phrases that will respond to the infusion of his creative energy. Thus he produces a poem throbbing with life in every artery. It is not just a coldblooded selection of key phrases. It is much more likely that Stephens read the poem over and over again till he had absorbed its spirit and then he sang from the midst of it.

The same technique persists in his translations of Ó Bruadair and Ó Rathaile, though there is a closer adherence to the original, especially in the case of Ó Bruadair, but there is a very definite change of mood.

Ó Rathaile and Ó Bruadair resemble each other and differ from Raftery in that they were disinherited poets. Raftery was as poor as either of them, but they had known better days. It fell to them to record in their poetry perhaps the greatest social change that ever befell Ireland, when after the defeat of Kinsale the Irish chieftains fled the country and the whole Gaelic order collapsed. The poets who had been the intellectual aristocrats of the old order, honoured and pampered by the nobility, were left without patrons and with nothing to comfort them but an outmoded skill. Ó Rathaile and Ó Bruadair in their poetry keep harping back to the golden age that is gone, not with sentimental nostalgia, as their nineteenth century successors did, but with savage indignation at their new-found poverty and degradation. Stephens had the knowledge and perception to see this unifying theme and mood of their poems and had enough personal experience of poverty and oppression to identify himself with their feelings. Hence the authenticity and remarkable consistency of tone that informs a whole section of these translations. The note of wounded pride is sustained with unmitigated bitterness through ' The Wave of Cliona ', ' Ó Dell ' and ' Ó Bruadair '. In such near lampoons as ' Blue Blood ' and ' A Glass of Beer ' it breaks out in surging humorous malice ; it takes on a more pathetic note in such poems as ' The Weavers ', ' The Geraldine's Coat ' and ' An Apology '. All of these except ' The Wave of Cliona ' are by Ó Bruadair and taken all in all they conjure

up a picture of the poet quite irresistible in its authenticity, though Stephens modestly disclaims any such achievement in his introduction to *Reincarnations*:

> It would therefore be a mistake to consider that these verses are representative of the poets by whom they were inspired. In the case of David Ó Bruadair this is less true than the rest, but even in his case, although I conveyed his matter almost *verbatim,* the selection is not representative of the poet. One side only and that the least is shown, for a greater pen than mine would be necessary if that tornado of rage, eloquence and humour were to be presented. But the poems which I give might be taken as translations of one side of his terrific muse.

However if he did fail to represent the sweep and range of Ó Bruadair's poetry, he succeeded in reincarnating the quintessential spirit of that great Irish poet, and if we judge by the title of the book, this seems to have been his primary intention. It is in an unceremonious poem such as 'A Glass of Beer' that this becomes most apparent. The luckless poet has sunk so low that he is forced to seek the patronage of a barmaid and is refused. She throws him out of the house 'on the back of his head'. But as he picks himself out of the gutter she pays for it as follows:

> That lanky hank of a she in the inn over there
> Nearly killed me for asking the loan of a glass of beer
> May the devil grip the whey-faced slut by the hair
> And beat bad manners out of her skin for a year.

Fr John MacErlean, S.J., the editor of Ó Bruadair whose edition Stephens must have used, translates the first line above in the following scholarly fashion:

> Once an insolent, vindictive lank and shrivelled girl

Compare that with the rhythmic snap and snarl of Stephen's first line.

I do not suggest that the result is great poetry. It is somewhere on the border area between satire and lampoon. It is, in fact, a type of spirited abuse scarcely practised by the English poets at all, but in Ireland it has a long and distinguished history. It was there in the old bardic literature, ready to assault a stingy patron; it was there after the collapse with Ó Rathaile and Ó Bruadair; it flowered during the depressed period of the eighteenth century and nineteenth century when it found a fitting target in the landlord class, and it came over easily into the English poetry of the Revival. We have seen it in Stephens but it is also well exemplified in Synge's lines on the sister of his enemy who attacked *The Playboy,* in Yeats's epigram on his imitators and, best of all perhaps, in Mr Patrick Kavanagh's more recent poetic exorcisms. Thus when W. H. Auden some years ago praised Yeats

for having revived in English the art of the occasional poem, he was, in fact, praising him for having perfected himself in a craft that never died in Ireland : the craft of occasional satire. Both Ó Bruadair's original and Stephens's translation are notable products of that craft.

The theme of poetic patronage is the over-riding concern of all these poems and as I have said for Ó Bruadair, because he had been robbed of it, the note struck is predominantly one of bitter complaint. But in the last stanza of a poem called ' Skim Milk ' Stephens catches him in a mood and a moment that epitomizes a more gracious element of the old Gaelic system as Ó Bruadair addresses his potential patron with all the grace and dignity of a past age :

> When he was old, and worn, and near his end
> The poet met St Patrick and was stayed !
> I am a poet, too, and seek a friend ;
> A prop, a staff, a comforter, an aid,
> A Patrick to lift Ossian from despair
> In Cormac Uasail Mac Donagh of the Golden Hair.

Any acquaintance with the old bardic eulogies is sufficient to convince one how absolutely right the tone, movement and diction of that stanza are. It is as true to its original as the previous earthy lampoon was to its original. To have bridged the gap of the centuries so unerringly with his limited knowledge of Irish was an extraordinary accomplishment. But he does it, he infuses life into the old allusive, conventional forms and does it as naturally as if he himself had served in the bardic schools. It is another example of his ' inscape ', his ability to project himself into other minds, creatures and things and even across the chasm of the ages to make old poets speak again.

There is, however, one poem in this volume that has no bearing on social history and it is perhaps the best poem in the book. It is based on Ó Rathaile's great elegy ' Ar bhás Trír Chloinne Thaidhg Uí Chróinín ', which he translates under the title ' Eileen and Diarmuid and Tadg '. The poem laments the death of these three children and it consists of a series of interlinked metaphors. Stephens comes in roughly half-way down the original and maintains to the end a close but flexible correspondence to it that is a fascinating study for anyone interested in creative adaptation. It is impossible for me to do the poem justice so perhaps a quotation from the end of it may give an idea of its quality without violating its unity and balance :

> Three strings of music ! Three deep holes in clay
> Three lovely children that loved Christ alway !
> Three mouths, three hearts, three minds beneath a stone ;
> Ruin it is ! Three causes for a moan
> That rises for three children dead and gone !
> Be kind O King, unto this two and one !

Of its kind, it is one of the loveliest of Anglo-Irish lyrics. Strangely, it is one of the few instances of genuine unembarrassed tenderness in Irish poetry, for though this quality is very much part of the Irish character, our writers have generally been either too preoccupied or too self-conscious to give it any kind of adequate expression.

* * * *

In my previous essay I mentioned that there was an emergent natural mysticism in Stephens's early poems that indicated a leaning towards theosophy. However, this increasing absorption with Eastern mysticism does not really invade his poetry until the period after the publication of his first collected edition in 1926. The poetry covering that period appears in the last three books of the 1954 edition, ' Strict Joy', ' Kings and the Moon ' and some additional poems. All of these poems show a radically changed view of life and of poetry. His poetry now turns from the material world and sets itself to contemplate elusive spiritual essences. Under the influence of Blake and Emerson, the idea of divine inspiration enters in more and more. It is important to define how far his idea of divine inspiration goes. It is, whatever else, not precisely the type of inspiration that Blake claims, as Stephens makes quite clear in a radio talk entitled ' Blake, The Purest Poet of them all ' :

> he (Blake) states outright and downright that God's own self, the Unutterable Transcendence is with him in the day and in the night, and does not merely inspire his song, but actually and audibly dictates it to him at South Moulton St., London, W.1. Speaking as a versifier myself, I prefer the ' poetic form ' of Spenser or Donne or Keats to the poetic form of the prophetic dictation.

Stephens's concept of inspiration was a good deal subtler than Blake's ; his mysticism is to be expressed in disciplined verse and his inspiration is a type only to be attained by an increasing spirituality. To become inspired one must, by a slow, laborious shedding of matter—which in the view of Plotinus and the Theosophists is synonymous with imperfection—become united with the god of theosophy, the Will, the Absolute, the Demiurge. This union having been achieved, the soul becomes illumined and can draw on that great body of truths referred to by Yeats, among others, as the *Anima Mundi*. However, with Stephens this seems to have been a genuine belief, a way of life almost ; Yeats, on the other hand, seems merely to have used it to give dimension and mystery to his ideas.

As Stephens advanced towards his mystical goal, a curious thing seems to have taken place. Just as the spiritual process required the shedding of matter, the poetry, by an analogous process, discards its concreteness and much of its imagery. Just as the thought becomes elusive and spiritual, so does the language become bare and the lines short and fugitive. Furthermore, the images he retains are of an airy insubstantial upward tending nature, like bird, cloud, hill, moon, tree blossom. Mr Austin Clarke suggests that he uses such images ' almost as abstract counters in Lilliputian patterns '. That is he arranges and rearranges them repeatedly to produce variations in sound and sense. Finally, the process is accompanied by a decided waning of poetic energy. He can still soar but he can no longer take us with him. His framework of images is too light to bear us up. His appeal is more confined and cerebral ; much of his emotional impact has disappeared.

Strict Joy appeared in 1931 and its very title reflects the change in his artistic attitude ; as Mr Farren remarked ' it is descriptive of his verse '. Where in his earlier poetry he implicitly and explicitly regarded the whole world as his subject matter, here we find that much of his original enthusiasm for creation is gone. He now writes almost exclusively about the mystic art of poetry and its mystic god. The second poem in the book *Demiurge* is a good example of his new poetical stance. Stephens is meditating on ' That whereby a poem is wrought '. He dismisses Emotion, Thought and Imagination :

> Imagination does but seem :
> Thought is wisdom, in a dream ;
> And Emotion can with strain
> Tell a sorrow from a pain.

The total lack of imagery and the metrical precision of these lines deserve notice. The next stanza says something significant :

> These, the Sleepy Ones and Dull
> That nothing sow, that nothing cull,
> Nothing have that's fit to sing
> The Wide-Awake, the Living thing.

Here he not only discredits these faculties as poetic assets, but he discredits them because they cannot celebrate his absolute god, his Demiurge. This is the poet who as a young man so loved the imagination as to write :

> Imagination is the leap from a fact to a truth. It is the taking of time by the forelock . . . . It and it alone can look on man and see the majesty of God.

Having identified the proper subject of poetry he goes on :

> The living, ever-waking Will :
> The ever-spacious, ever-still :
> Wherefrom, as from a fountain, springs
> All that praises, soars and sings.
>
> All that is not dull and dense,
> Bogged in thought, and clogged in sense,
> Comes unbid, and surge on surge
> From the Will, the Demiurge.

He has raised the inspirational doctrine of ' The Pit of Bliss ' on to a more absolute level. The Demiurge is now the aesthetic creative principle, the proper object of poetry and also its ultimate maker.

The poem is highly disciplined ; it manifests his movement towards a purer kind of poetry, which he is refining with meticulous care, and which is to be pared down to what is, in terms of his new poetics, *essential*. We can see the limitations he is imposing upon himself ; not only to confine himself largely to singing of his spiritual principle, but to singing of it in an ascetic spiritual manner. The dramatic quality of his early lyrics vanishes, his human figures disappear. He acquires a whole new concept of poetry : this is the operation of his *Strict Joy*.

A glance through these last three books will disclose how persistently Stephens adhered to his revised view of things. Evên the titles have a strange metaphysical aura about them, *Kings and Tanists*, *The Mighty Mother*, *The Grey Air*, *Theme and Variations*, *Bidding the Moon*, *For the Lion of Judah*.

The long poem ' Theme and Variations ' (to be distinguished from ' Theme with Variations ' in *Kings and the Moon*) occupies some sixteen pages of *Strict Joy*. It is a lyrical exposition of various aspects of Plotinism, consisting of an introduction, a theme, twenty-three variations and a coda at the end. It is a loosely hung poem with no real formal unity ; there is great irregularity in size and metre in the variations and considerable oscillation in subject matter. The poet admits freely in the Introduction that the sequence was occasioned by his receiving from Stephen McKenna his celebrated translations of Plotinus and it is to McKenna that the poem is dedicated.

Here are some lines of the Introduction :

> Thus to begin it—that I got
> The book you sent, and that I'm not
> Adequate at all, nor fit
> For half one half of half of it.
> So when great Plotinus came
> He saw me playing at my game
> Moving the will, the mind, the pen
> To moods that lie beyond the ken
> Of poet or
> Philosopher.

It is interesting to note the increasing, almost impish idiosyncrasy of these poems, as seen in the line :

For half or half of half of it

or in the two solemn little concluding lines.

' The Theme ' introduces the idea of mystic inspiration.

Thoughts will bubble up and break
Spilling a sea, a limpid lake,
Into the soul ; and as they go
—Lightning visitors ! we know
A lattice opened, and the wind
Poised for all that is behind
The lattice and the poising mind.

He goes on to suggest the various types of illumination that this sudden intuition can impart ; all that our aesthetic sense requires—' All the sunsets filled with gold ' ; knowledge of history—' All the store of all that ever went before ' ; finally ethical and religious knowledge—' All the wit of holy living, holy writ '.

This is, of course, a formal presentation of the *Anima Mundi* or ' The Universal Mind ' to which the souls of the elect can, as it were, tune in. All the Variations relate loosely to this theme, some of them pose problems while others solve the problems by reference to the ' Universal Mind ', which the poet uses not so much as a dialectical argument but rather as a sort of magic wand to be waved at every dilemma, making it disappear. While some of the pieces here are excellent poetry in themselves, much of it rings false and is obviously secondhand. For instance the following extract is an ill-disguised cog from Emerson's ' Hymn to Brahmin ' :

Creator in creation strayed !
The Knower frightened at a name !
The Maker lost in what is made !
The player played on by the game.

Emerson wrote :

They reckon ill who leave me out
Whene'er they fly, I am the wings
I am the doubter and the doubt
I am the song that Brahmin sings.

Stephens is almost like a child with a new toy, lost in naïve enthusiasm, displaying it to the world. He had been subject to these sudden enthusiasms before. His long poem ' A Prelude and a Song ', published first in *The Hill of Vision* resulted from his discovery of Spenser's

' Epithalamion '. It was so derivative that the poet wisely suppressed it later and excluded it from his collected edition.

It is only towards the end when Stephens comes back to the poet and his real human problems that we get a flash of his old verve and concreteness :

> He hath the same dull eyes : his ears
> Are dull attuned : his hopes and fears
> Are those same ravening dogs that bay
> The moon and bury bones in clay.

This is a superb metaphor, vivid, accurate and complete. To my mind this twenty-first variation, taken as a whole, is worth the entire sequence. But this is purely a personal judgment and perhaps a little unfair, as it is based on a predilection for his earlier poetry with which it has a close affinity. There are some critics who admire his later poetry very much ; Mr Farren has described *Kings and the Moon* as ' Cool, euphonious, stately '. It is fairer to say, therefore, that Stephens, in these later poems, is striving after a new kind of excellence. No doubt he enjoyed writing the above, more dramatic movement on the poet. But this was not the type of excellence he was after, nor is it a kind we shall meet again. Like all good poets he knows when he has said enough in one medium and at this stage he has said all he wants to say in terms of dramatic lyricism. He is now seeking a quality that is intense and spiritual, in fact ' rare ', that is, both elevated and unique. But it lands him into the crux of all mystical poets ; he may after a fashion have gained his own soul, but he has suffered the loss of the whole world. Be that as it may, this is the kind of poetry he writes throughout his final period.

His last book of verse *Kings and the Moon* is the least distinguished of his poetry. The scope of his subject matter is now so narrow that he resigns himself to constant repetition of his central themes. It says nothing that *Strict Joy* has not already said more effectively. Its tone is too complacent, it is almost doctrinaire in its assertions. Along with that it manifests a great multiplication of the poet's eccentricities. In places we have lines of one syllable, and in ' Theme with Variations ' there is a refrain :

> Who so hath gat him away hath got nowhere.

The chief reason for his poverty in idea and impulse is found to some extent in the fact that he has solved all his problems. In his early lyrics he was deeply involved in all the problems of his existence. He is perplexed, angry and argumentative, and as a result his poetry has force, veracity and abundance. In *Strict Joy* his mystical philosophy is still emerging and the excitement generated by its birth and dawning

informs and intensifies his poetry. *Kings and the Moon* is static ; he has arrived. It has coolness, euphony and stateliness but these are surface qualities that cannot hide the fact that most of it is a flat and rather wan reiteration of previous themes.

There is one significant change, however. A note of world-weariness and despair begins to emerge. In poems like ' Kings and Tanists ' and ' The Lion of Judah ' instead of eulogizing the Universal Mind, he concentrates on discrediting the whole created universe. He constantly asserts the worthlessness of human life and human values and the general sterility of human existence.

> O sterile heart,
> And sad !
> Here there is nothing
> To be had
> Of life, or art.

This is a dominant theme in these poems and it obviously contributed to his waning creative energy. When a poet whose chief glory was to sing

> Of joy and woe
> And fate and god
> Of dreaming cloud
> And teeming sod.

finds himself drawn to the melancholy conclusion of ' Kings and Tanists ' his desire to sing is bound to be strangled in his throat. The great primeval joy in creation that had been his unfailing source of inspiration has dried up, has been philosophized out of face and his poetry inevitably declines. His Demiurge is not all he claimed it to be.

Looking back over his poetry, what strikes one most of all is his astonishing originality and versatility. He brought colloquial speech into poetry with a snarling exuberance that made even the poetic high-priests of his day give him their respectful attention. At the same time he wrote love lyrics as exquisite and tender as the purest of the Elizabethans. He adapted the Irish poets with a verve and authenticity that has scarcely ever been equalled. As Mr Austin Clarke once pointed out he ran straight against the current of his time in diction even to the extent of rhyming ' love ' and ' dove ' and ' dead ' with 'finished ' and using ' thou ' and ' thy ' and ' thine ' just as often as he pleaséd. And yet his originality and his extraordinary elfin vigour won through and created a body of lyric poetry that must surely stand second only to that of Yeats among the Irish poets of his generation.

The Search for Madden's Grave

LEÓN Ó BROIN

PERHAPS you know the cemetery in the middle of the village of Donnybrook, next to the police station. From the top of the bus you can see the whole of it, for it is small as cemeteries go. It is unlikely, however, that you have been inside the monumental entrance ; the gate is permanently locked because the cemetery has been closed for general burials since about 1880. I have been in there several times, searching diligently for a grave—an important grave, or so it appeared to me, for I happened to be writing the ' life ' of a man buried in it, and the nearer I drew to the end of my task the more urgent it became that I should discover his last resting place, if only to round off the elaborate researching of many years. The man who made the grave important was Dr Richard Robert Madden, the historian of the United Irishmen. He was more than a historian, however, although this is not generally known. He was also a traveller and a writer of travel books and the biographer of Savonarola, Gallileo, and Lady Blessington. He was a public servant of distinction, too, and a defender of the Faith and one of the greatest of the anti-slavery campaigners. But I searched for his grave not only for his renown in these varied fields but because of a particular form of charity to which he gave expression in the course of a life that began in 1798 with Major Sirr hammering on the door of the bedroom where he was being born and that ended almost ninety years later in the days of Parnell's triumph.

He was the close friend of many of the survivors of Ninety-Eight and of their families. He met MacNeven and the sons of Thomas Addis Emmet in America ; he was on intimate terms with Jemmy Hope, the Belfast weaver ; he corresponded with Mary, the sister of Henry Joy McCracken, Mathilda, the widow of Theobald Wolfe Tone, and a host of others including the relatives of the Brothers Sheares. With their help he amassed so much information that his books on the United Irishmen will remain for all time an indispensible historical record of the beginnings of Irish separatism. He wrote of the United Irishmen with a warm sympathy that distinguishes his work from that of other historians because these were men whom he knew to be worthy of affection and admiration and because he felt an obligation rested on him to correct the idea that had been widely propagated before his time that they were a wretched, worthless lot. He was not content, however, to tell their story : he sought out their forgotten graves, and marked them with inscribed stones. To

this particular task he dedicated himself in a sense. Somewhere he tells of how in his father's house, not far from Oliver Bond's in Bridge St, he made a vow to discard the pike, which was his way of declaring that he was a constitutionalist and a pacifist, and to devote his days to looking after the graves of the United Irishmen. That meant, as he said, ' driving away the beasts that browsed in security in neglected churchyards, and . . . picking the mould out of the letters on the stones.' It was a labour of love, yet it had made him odious, he said, in the eyes of genteel literary people in England and reprehensible in the sight of Irish Orangemen.

A recent newspaper series described what Madden did for Anne Devlin, the housekeeper and loyal friend of Robert Emmet, who ended her days in direst poverty. From time to time he sought her out in order to help her and when, after an absence abroad, he returned to find she had just died and had been buried in a pauper's grave in Glasnevin, he had her re-interred not far from the great Liberator himself and a commemorative stone placed over her. He did a similar service for Sarah Curran in Newmarket and for Lady Pamela FitzGerald in Paris. And what is not so well known, he went with Thomas Davis on a pilgrimage to Bodenstown Churchyard and was a party to whatever was then done to mark the burial place of Tone. So that it was appropriate that I should be anxious to find Madden's resting place and if need be, do as much for him.

Another occupant of that grave is Madden's English wife, Harriet. She died two years after him at about his own age. She is a person well worth remembering, if only for her close identification with her husband's lifework. Like him she was a twenty-first child, the daughter of a Jamaican sugar planter but she sided with Madden against her relatives in the campaign for the freedom of the natives of the West Indies. She collected materials for the history of the United Irishmen with as much avidity as Madden himself did. And right through her life she was the perfect amanuensis, transcribing in her beautiful hand every line of the millions he wrote, making legible what was increasingly illegible as Madden grew older and was caught up more and more in a fever of book production. An old—a very old—landlady of mine who had known Madden in Booterstown, told me that he and Harriet had been discovered at their writing, I gathered more than once, by the maids when they came down to their duties in the early morning. They had worked through the night together. Harriet became a Catholic in a Cuba that was notoriously irreligious. The circumstances were so remarkable, not to say miraculous, that she always carried her own account of them in a pendant round her neck. I wonder where that went.

As Irish graveyards go, that in Donnybrook is well kept. It is certainly in better shape than when the Reverend Mr Maffett went there towards

the end of the last century to look for the tomb of King, the great Protestant Archbishop who was a prisoner of James the Second in Dublin Castle and secured his release as a result of the victory at the Boyne. Mr Maffett abandoned the search in disgust when he found a frying pan on a tomb and an accumulation of tin kettles and buckets nearby. He thought that the best way of describing his feelings was to count the items in the pile, but he gave up when he got to 240. The relieving officer met his complaints about the dumping of rubbish in a place that contained the remains of illustrious men like Archbishop King, Bishop Clayton and Dean Graves, not to mention the ruins of a couple of old chapels, by saying that he himself had spoken to the police but had got little satisfaction from them. As for his own contribution towards keeping the place clean and tidy, what could be expected on an allowance of £3 a year !

I had nothing like this to worry me when I searched for Madden's grave. But there were bushes and brambles, and in summertime, an overgrowth of grass, so that, while I saw practically everything that was to be seen, there were some unapproachable spots, while time had blotted out many of the inscriptions or made them unreadable. To add to my difficulties, I failed to find any burial records. The result was failure. I could not find the grave. Nevertheless, I was not prepared to admit defeat. Such an idea seemed ridiculous when I looked at the small cemetery and remembered that a little more than sixty years ago a Ninety-Eight procession had gone there to honour the historian. All that was demanded was a little patience, and a little planning. So before I returned to the cemetery again, I reconsidered the information that was available to me. This was not inconsiderable. I knew, for instance, that the grave was a family one ; Madden's parents had been buried there before him and other members of the family. Over it lay a large stone—large, if only because Madden, who was given to longwinded utterances had caused an elaborate inscription to be carved on it during his lifetime, and had left a direction to his son and heir as to what was to be added after his own death. This would be of assistance in dealing with a partly obliterated inscription but it did not point to the location of the stone. The only real clue of that sort, or so it seemed to me, was the cypress trees. Madden, romantic in everything he did, had brought home some cypress trees from Napoleon's grave at St. Helena and had planted them around his family grave in Donnybrook. The more I thought it over, the more I felt sure that these trees would help me to determine the precise spot, even if, as was likely, there were other trees of the same species in the cemetery. On the subject of trees I am quite hopelessly ignorant, however, so I thought of bringing somebody who knew something about trees along with me so as to narrow the search down to the vicinity of whatever cypress trees were in the graveyard.

That was how my young and very expert horticulturist friend Bernard Stafford Johnson entered the search a couple of months ago. He listened carefully to my recital of the details as we drove to the cemetery on a sunny morning, but when his turn came to speak, he reduced my optimism very considerably by saying that he was far from hopeful about finding the cypress trees. ' It's like this ', he said : ' in the dry Mediterranean climate those trees would remain relatively small and low sized. But our damp climate would cause them to grow rapidly to a great height so that if they were planted, as you say, a hundred or more years ago, by this time they would have probably been blown down or would have had to be cut down for safety's sake.'

And when we got to the cemetery, he was able, in a matter of minutes, to confirm his prognosis. He had a suggestion to make, however. If his theory was correct, if Madden's carefully planted cypress trees had been removed for whatever reason, the stumps would presumably remain. And these he set out to look for, while I, rather dejected, I must confess, because I did not think much of his chances, walked away and began to examine some tombstones at the upper end. There was, doubtless, an element of chance in it, for I had not got very far when my friend in his quiet, almost casual way, announced that he had found what we were looking for, almost in the very centre of the cemetery and within sight of the entrance. I hurried down to him. ' Here are some of the stumps,' he said, and as he indicated them he went down on his hands and knees and found the others on the other side of the stone, with a tangle of briars on top of them. The name Madden was the first word to be seen quite distinctly on the stone, and then some of the other parts of the inscription.

That's all that's to it. A happy ending to a search, an ending that will enable me to round off my book appropriately by letting my readers know that in rediscovering and reconditioning the grave of Richard Robert Madden, I did for him what he did for so many others.

Michael MacLiammoir, some time ago, told the Academy of Letters that it was a mark of the quality of a civilization that it should remember its great men. France or modern England, he fancied, would not have allowed the destruction of Coole Park, or neglected to mark the birth-places of Lady Gregory or Yeats, or Joyce, or AE, or William Orpen, with a little stone, or would have allowed the nettles to grow over Raftery's grave. MacLiammoir was right. That's exactly what Madden would have said. But he would have done more, himself ; without National Graves Association or help from Government or other public bodies he would have cleared away the nettles and placed a stone bought out of his own limited resources. That is a lesson we should be learning.

Songs of the Irish

COLM O LOCHLAINN

THIS is by far the most sumptuous and elegant dress yet accorded to any collection of Irish Folk Songs[1]. Neither Bunting (1840), Petrie (1855), Joyce (1909), Costello (1918) nor Clandillon (1927) ever had such care lavished upon the presentation of their gleanings to the musical world. Twenty-five shillings is a ridiculously low price. The book must have cost more than that to produce. It would be good value at two guineas. With a wealth of commentary derived from a life-long study of the published collections from Carolan's time down, Mr O'Sullivan here gives us 65 songs, mostly from printed sources. There are 15 categories from Lullaby to Lonesomeness, songs humorous, songs patriotic, songs religious, or as one might say : songs historical and songs hysterical ; something to please everyone.

To most of them he gives his own verse translation, but he also draws on Callanan, D'Alton, Fahy, Freeman, Hyde, MacDonagh, Mangan, Petrie, Sigerson, Walsh and Wilson, when their verses can be fitted to the chosen melody.

Under each line of music he prints the words in Irish and in English of the first verse of each song. These verses are (rather unnecessarily) reprinted immediately below. He gives (also rather unnecessarily) a literal rendering in prose. A full and discursive commentary accompanies the songs, dealing with their writers and those mentioned in them, in history or in legend. But he reserves for a special index, awkwardly placed on pages 192-195, the very desirable information on the sources of airs and of words. There is ample space immediately following each song for this most intimate reference, and that is where it should have been given.

This is a good book for librarians, a good book for antiquarians. Indeed throughout his long life of folk song, Donal has been rather too much of the antiquary. When I first met him in 1918 it was over the printing (at University Press, T.C.D.) and the binding (under my care) of Mrs. Costello's fine collection of Western songs *Amhráin Mhuighe Seóla*. Already he was well acquainted with most of the published collections ; and through the last forty years he has been adding to his knowledge of the poets and their patrons, and of the social conditions that gave colour

[1]*Songs of the Irish* : An anthology of Irish Folk Music and Poetry with English Verse translations, compiled and edited by Donal O'Sullivan. Dublin : Browne & Nolan Ltd. 1960, 199 pp. Royal 4to. full cloth with two-colour dust jacket. 25s.

to their songs. Fionán Mac Coluim, that tireless collector had already been twenty years a-gathering of song and verse and story. An Seabhac, Pádraig Ó Siochfradha, had been for years editing and printing *An Lóchrann* that treasury of West Cork and Kerry folklore so largely drawn on by Mr O'Sullivan. Both of them are still with us, still the living embodiment of folk tradition. Their names appear, with some of their gleanings, in Mr O'Sullivan's book.

Myself, in my haphazard way, on lines more or less parallel to Donal, but going rather as Fíonán and the Seabhac did, to the living singer, learning to sing each fragment as it was revealed to me in Mayo and Galway, or in Dublin, I have been following the lead Mrs Costello gave forty years ago.

Under the unwearying guidance of Fíonán, the Claisceadal has kept on, during the past thirty years, popularizing in Dublin, Cork and Galway, those light and jolly songs that were in such danger of disappearing. The more sedate and sadder songs, with their fascinating melodies and well-turned verses, weave such witchery that all mirth seems to vanish. Did not Chesterton say that,

> 'The great Gaels of Ireland,
> Are the men that God made mad
> For all their wars are merry,
> And all their songs are sad.'

But we of the Claisceadal at our Saturday sing-songs, lilting and learning from our visitors and from our penny leaflets, have brought out of obscurity and neglect many a *luinneóg* and many a *rócán* which had lingered in the memory of our Gaelic folk.

I am mentioned once myself in the index, where Mr O'Sullivan records that he noted 'The Palatine's daughter' from me in Dublin in 1921. He does not mention that it is a vocal setting of the well-known dance tune 'The Garden of Daisies'. This song, since Fíonán Mac Coluim first printed it in *An Lóchrann* (1908), had been popularized by the late Séamus Clandillon. I learnt it from him, and told Mr O'Sullivan so in 1921. It was Song No. 31 in *Londubh an Chairn* 'Songs of the Irish Gaels' edited by Máighréad Ní Annagáin and Séamus De Chlanndiolúin, published by the Oxford University Press in 1927. Many readers of Mr O'Sullivan's *Songs of the Irish* may wonder why this important work is nowhere mentioned in introduction, notes or index. The explanation is to be found in the columns of *The Irish Statesman,* November 19, 26, and December 3, 1927, and in what Bret Harte termed 'the subsequent proceedings'.

In 1904 the Clandillons gave to the promoters of the London Religious Celebration Committee some beautiful traditional airs, used for many years thereafter at the St. Patrick's Day service. These hymns were

included in his *Raint Amhrán* by the late Father Walsh, C.M. in 1916, and have been generally accepted and sung throughout Ireland. In particular I may mention *Aithrighe Sheáin de Hóra* ' The Repentance of John Hore ', page 103 in the book under review. Clandillon's No. 71, an air which Mrs Clandillon learnt from her father is an incomparably fine tune, admirably suited to the words. For over fifty years it has been sung all over Ireland to this hymn. Mr O'Sullivan's substitution of the air Bunting calls *Domhnall Meirgeach* is unwise and unnecessary. In any case it is wrongly barred ; the accent should come, according to Gaelic prosody, on the words ' ngrás ', ' pháis ' and ' báis '. In his barring, Mr O'Sullivan has fallen into the same error as the Clandillons did in 1927.

Other instances of faulty barring are in ' Caitilín ní Uallacháin ', p. 141, and ' Preab san Ol ', p. 117. For this latter song I contrived or invented an air in the year 1930 and first sang it in Galway. It has become very popular. Modestly I claim that it sings better to Barrett's words than either the Joyce (1909) air which Mr O'Sullivan gives, or the air printed by Petrie in 1855.[1] I gave my air to Hardebeck and the Gúm has published his arrangement.

I do not wish to enter on a page-to-page analysis of the treasury Mr O'Sullivan lays before us. I comment on only a few songs where something apposite occurs to me.

From Petrie's 1855 Collection Mr O'Sullivan prints ' The Snowy Breasted Pearl', well known in Irish and English the world over. Eugene O Curry gave George Petrie two verses remembered from his childhood in Clare, and Petrie made the verse translation. Fíonán Mac Coluim has recently discovered another verse in a Clare manuscript given him by my friend and former colleague the late Professor Cormac Ó Cadhlaigh. Here it is :

' Fóir, a chumainn, déan is túir póigín dom ód'bhéal
Agus tóg anois chút féin ón mbás mé ;
Nú órdaigh leaba chaol, a gcomhrain cluthair déil,
A bhfogus-sa don daol agus dá cháirde,
Ní beó mo bheó ach éag, níl in mo ghlór ach gaoth,
Níl oram snua, saol, ná sláinte ;
Ach go deórach, brónach, tréith, gan chéol, gan spórt, gan réim,
Smé go mór-chuid i bpéin agus i ngrá leat '.

Mr O'Sullivan's ' On the Road to Tipperary ' p. 166 taken down from An Seabhac is our old friend ' Éamonn Magáine ' which Máiréad

[1] This appears again in P iii (Stanford-Petrie) 1446 where it is wrongly titled and indexed ' Grádh i san Ól '.

My friend Frank O'Connor sends from New York this correction for ' Seán O Duibhir A'ghleanna '. Nil ceann na beann ar a lochtaibh—has nothing to do with chiefs or leaders. It simply means ' No roof or gable on their lofts ' referring of course to the depredation of the rapacious planter ' undertakers ' in Munster.

Ní Bheaglaoich sings so beautifully, and which she taught us at the Claisceadal twenty years ago. Her air far surpasses that given here. I have a Conamara version of the same song, learnt from Seán Ó Gaora of Aill na Brón, Cárna, to another air equally beautiful. Timony, *Abhráin Ghaedhilge an Iarthair,* p. 44 has a version of the words ' Ní ar an mbaile seo atá an chúilfhionn '.

On pp. 139 and 140, Mr O'Sullivan conjures up a ridiculous fanciful picture of Eóghan Rua Ó Súilleabháin, the farmhand poet, in the throes of composing the song ' An Spealadóir ', ' The Mower '. But the air to which the words are fitted is only the hornpipe tune well known as ' The Cuckoo's Nest '. Far and away better is the air still sung in Kerry to ' An Spealadóir ' and to ' Amhrán na Leabhar '. Fíonán and I have printed it as a penny leaflet, An Claisceadal No. 22.

We have also popularized a better tune and words for ' Béidh Aonach Amárach ' (Claisceadal leaflet No. 28), Mr O'Sullivan's ' Mammy will you let me go to the fair ' : our tune with five verses was learnt by León Ó Broin in Spiddal thirty years ago shortly after the fragment here given was published in *An Stoc.*

Another of our penny leaflets (No. 33, 1940) gives, as it is still sung in Ros Muc with air almost identical with Piii, 1173, ' San éiricin bó rún ó '. We have six verses, and the refrain which probably means as much or as little as ' Hi diddle diddle ', Mr O'Sullivan makes of it on p. 36 ' San aéire cinn bó ruan ó ' translated ' The herd of the pet cow '— an impossible translation.

Séamus Clandillon's air for ' An Beinsín Luachra ', *Londubh an Chairn* No. 8, learnt in his native parish of Beagh near Gort, Co. Galway, is much more splendid and singable than the one Mr O'Sullivan gives from his recension of Bunting V. 39.

For the well-known song in praise of Whiskey, Mr O'Sullivan gives Horncastle's (1844) tune with John D'Alton's translation, p. 120. Of interest in this connexion is the French rendering entitled ' L'Elixir de la Vie '. A beautifully clear MS. signed ' Le Chevalier de Chatelain. Hommage du traducteur a Monsieur J. Dalton. 6 fevrier, 1858 ' I found in my copy (D'Alton's copy) of Hardiman's *Irish Minstrelsy,* and printed it in *The Irish Book Lover,* July 1940. I also mention that tunes for the Irish Song will be found in J. iii (Joyce, 1909); No. 273, 274. The words appear also with metrical translation in Ed. Walsh's *Irish Popular Songs,* p. 101.

If I may utter a word of criticism it would be that Mr O'Sullivan has devoted too much study to, and still has too much faith in, Edward Bunting as a reliable collector or recorder of Irish Folk Song. That gentle sage George Petrie, a far greater and more competent gleaner in the same field, though it is clear he disagreed with many of Bunting's *obiter dicta,* contented himself with mild and restrained comment on

the older man in his introduction (pp. ix–xvii) to *The Ancient Music of Ireland* (Dublin 1855).[1]

Mr O'Sullivan might well have taken the warning Petrie gives. Bunting, as is well known, had no Irish ; so his transcription of airs from harpers lacked the precision in timing which only the singing of the accentual Irish metres can give to the music. He had to depend on the haphazard collection of words, undertaken on his behalf in 1802 by one Patrick Lynch, who apparently knew little music and often gathered words unconnected with the airs. For his work and wandering see Mr O'Sullivan's recension of Bunting's first collection part 1, pp. xv and xvi, published by the Irish Folk Song Society in 1927. To this the late Séamus Ó Casaide added a 'Memoir of Patrick Lynch' running from p. xvii to p. xxv.

Mr O'Sullivan would have been wiser over the years, to learn more of living Irish Folk song from living singers, the faithful carriers of Gaelic tradition. How many beautiful songs have come to us in Dublin from Kerry with Máiréad Ní Bheaglaoich, from West Cork with Máire Ní Chuill and the late Mairsile Ní Mhuirthile, from Cork City with Pilib O Laoire, from Conamara with Máirín Ní Ghuairim and her sister Sorcha. If I had never lived in the Gaeltacht I could be grateful to God who sent these lovely singers to cross my path ; and I thank them, living and dead, for the joy and beauty they brought me.

Browne & Nolan's may well be proud to sponsor this magnificent book—but whisper, why didn't they print it ? With all the resources of their splendid well-equipped workshops at Clonskea, why need they leave the printing to Lowe & Brydone ? Surely the latter would have given them proofs of the sixty-five one-line melodies, granted which the type-setting and photo-lithography would have been child's play. In 1909 for Joyce, in 1918 for Mrs Costello, Dublin printers produced volumes quite as satisfying and at least as exacting. Why need we go to London in 1960 ?

[1] Reprinted in very small type in Piii Stanford's *The Complete Petrie Collection.* (London 1902).

Book Reviews

IN THE IRISH GRAIN

IRISH POETRY FROM THE ENGLISH INVASION TO 1798—2nd Edition. By Russell K. Alspach. London : Oxford University Press. 1960. 36s.

MARIA EDGEWORTH. By Elizabeth Inglis-Jones. London : Faber & Faber. 1960. 25s.

THERE is very little intelligent Irish writing on Irish writers. Surveys like those of Gwynn and Boyd are out of date, both technically and factually ; the only modern book of that kind one could recommend is Thomas Flanagan's recent excellent study of *The Irish Novelists, 1800–1850.* Critically, one searches for a mid-point between the jingoistic and the international which would do justice to neglected artists who have grappled with Irish experience : Maria Edgeworth, Allingham, Carleton, George Moore, Somerville & Ross. Works like *Castle Rackrent, The Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry, Lawrence Bloomfield, Hail & Farewell,* and *The Real Charlotte* have considerable merit and also illuminate local experience in a helpful way.

Instructively enough, Yeats was among the most conscientious of our researchers, in the preface to his selections from the novelists, in various essays in *Letters to a Island,* etc : there is an early article of his on Samuel Ferguson (*Dublin University Magazine,* 1886) which shows the younger poet carefully climbing on the shoulders of a predecessor. It is a measure of Yeats's superiority that while, like Allingham, he wished to be more than a local poet, he also understood the importance of a local habitation and a name. One would welcome a collection of these strivings towards a tradition, if only as an illumination of one aspect of the early Yeats. Indeed, there should be a good study of nineteenth century Irish poetry to parallel Flanagan : Mangan, Ferguson, Allingham, De Vere, Larminie have historical interest at least, and sometimes a little more.

Mr. Alspach's book on Irish poetry in English, prior to 1798, seems to me a very useful and scholarly summary, rescuing a few early poems and showing the gradual comprehension by translators of ' The Matter of Ireland '. Some of the material throws long shafts into the future : it is intriguing, for instance, to learn that the only poem in the sixteenth century *Book of Howth* deals with Jacques de Molay and the Templars ; did Yeats know of this when he wrote ' Meditations in Time of Civil War ' ? Again, I had forgotten that lines in ' Lapis Lazuli ' come straight from the seventeenth century song ' The Boyne Water '. Both these poems have historical claims to be represented in any Irish anthology ; a few others have literary merit '. The Kilruddery

Hunt ', for example, which Ritson included in his *Select Collection of English Songs* (1783), has a stylish insensitivity appropriate to its subject :

> At five in the morning, by most of the clocks
> We rode from Kilruddery to try for a fox.

And ' The Glass of Whiskey ', with its hair-rising rhymes, would have pleased the author of ' Persse O'Reilly ' :

> At the side of the road, near the bridge of Drumcondra,
> Was Murrough O'Monaghan stationed to beg ;
> He brought from the wars, as his share of the plunder
> A crack on the crown, and the loss of a leg.

Rough stuff, but we do it well : a more graceful approach is that of the mysterious Charles Wilson who described liquor (poteen, presumably) as ' transparent azure ting'd with light '. He published one book, including this ' Ode to Drunkenness ', and sank out of sight. While none of these are ornaments to world poetry, they would help to fill the eighteenth century gap in so many of our anthologies : especially in ironic juxtaposition to poems from ' The Hidden Ireland.' And there is Goldsmith's poor relation Lawrence Whyte (d. 1755) of Westmeath, who anticipated aspects of *The Deserted Village* in his harsh doggerel portrait of the absentee landlords.

Among the translators, I was impressed by Dermod O'Connor's versions from Keating. I think Pound would relish this neat historical ideogram of the good state :

> The Institutes of Bryen Boirimhe
> So wholesome for the support of Virtue,
> Were kept with so much Reverence and Regard,
> That a young lady of consumate Beauty,
> Adorn'd with Jewels and a Ring of Gold,
> Travell'd alone on Foot from North to South
> And no Attempt was made upon her Honour,
> Or to divest her of the Cloaths she wore.

It is interesting to place some of this material against the pseudo-Celtic revival in England in the second half of the eighteenth century ; Charlotte Bronte's *Reliques of Irish Poetry* (1789) is an honourable work, compared to some of Gray's sources. One forgets that there were two revivals : perhaps the next will give us readable versions of ' The Matter of Ireland ', on the level of Lattimore's translation of Homer.

The biography of Miss Edgeworth, alas, does not ' discuss (her) as a writer ', but as a personality, a Cinderella of the nineteenth century. One is a little horrified by this picture of the mild little authoress dominated by an uxorious and pedantic father : Richard Lovell Edgeworth even surrounded *Castle Rackrent* (1802 edition) with a forest of irrelevant notes and a buoyant epilogue, which with the sly obliquities of old Thady's first person narrative, produce a very odd effect indeed, like a voice coming through a gag. For a discussion of this and other relevant matters, however, one has to go to the chapters on Maria Edgeworth in Flanagan's book ; Miss Inglis-Jones does

not even give a satisfactory picture of the Anglo-Irish background from which the novels sprang, its special tensions and problems. It is interesting to learn that Maria found Wordsworth a bit of a bore (p. 219), but it would have been more interesting to know exactly why Turgenev found Miss Edgeworth an inspiration : there is surely a way of writing biography which illuminates the works and also provides narrative interest as well. Take the scene where Sir Walter Scott, hearing that Miss Edgeworth is in Edinburgh, arranges as a special treat that she should hear the boatmen of Staffa ' sing some of their Gaelic songs ' :

> . . and the boatmen began to roar out a Gaelic song to which they all stamped in time and repeated the chorus which as far as I could hear sounded like : ' *At am Vaun ! At am Vaun !* ' frequently repeated with prodigious enthusiasm. But the boatman's dark eyes were ready to start out of his head with rapture as he sung and he stamped and shook the handkerchiefs on each side and the circle imitated as if they were all delighted—All but Lady Scott who seemed to be quite out of place—a French woman much dressed with a cockatoo of scarlet feathers on one side in a scarlet turban—she repeated in broken English ' Scott, we had better have done with this now—I was just saying that if anybody from the street had looked in upon us they must have thought us all mad I am sure.

The ironic implications of this scene, the way it exposes the frail relationship between Miss Edgeworth and her country, as opposed to the more secure position of Scott, are entirely missed. Still, the portrait of Scott as resident patriarch is fascinating : one wonders if there was a complete set of the Waverley novels in the house where William Faulkner was brought up.

JOHN MONTAGUE

THE IRISH NOVELISTS ; 1800—1850. By Thomas Flanagan. New York: Columbia University Press. London : Oxford University Press. 1959. Pp. 362. 54s.

SOME half a century ago, Thomas Mac Donagh, in one of his ' frankly experimental ' studies in Anglo-Irish literature, gathered together and published in 1916 as *Literature in Ireland* (and never, so far as I know, re-published and edited), asked, 'what then will the historian of Anglo-Irish literature have to deal with ?' And Mac Donagh was, categorically, excluding what he called the ' Hiberno-English ' writers : Swift, Goldsmith, Sheridan and so on (we may add Wilde and Shaw).

His answers are interesting, even if his examples, or some of them, demonstrate the shattering parochialism which could infect even a man of Mac Donagh's European culture, in a period of nationalist aspiration. What is to the point here is that Mac Donagh, although a passionate student of the Gaelic literary tradition, recognized the importance of the nineteenth century Irish novelists : ' Maria Edgeworth, Charles Mathurin, William Carleton, Charles Lever, Samuel Lover, Gerald Griffin, J. Sheridan Lefanu,

the Banims and some more recent writers.' A long tradition of commentary, good, bad and indifferent on Irish life, providing a rich if uneven quarry for the critic and scholar, more especially, one would think, for Irish critics and scholars. And yet in our own time the only significant contribution to a study of those novelists made by an Irishman is Mr Benedict Kiely's book on Carleton, *Poor Scholar.*

Now, as has been the case with Joyce, with Yeats to a large extent, and more recently with O'Casey, it has been left to an American, Professor Thomas Flanagan of Columbia, to tackle the job seriously and with scholarship. To adapt a complaint Gide used to make about Claudel, the Americans have more talent, more libraries, more money. They also have more energy and more enthusiasm. Their scholars of taste and balance more than compensate for their sloggers and assemblers.

Professor Flanagan studies at length four of the novelists listed by Mac Donagh ; Maria Edgeworth, John Banim, Gerald Griffin and William Carleton, plus Lady Morgan. As we might expect from a pupil of Lionel Trilling and Jacques Barzun, Mr Flanagan is concerned with literary values in the widest sense. He places his subjects fairly and squarely in their political, social and historical contexts, realizing, for instance, that to try to understand Carleton outside ' the world of the cabins, the lost, splendid, terrible world of the Celtic peasantry ', were as fruitless as to try to understand Blake outside the Industrial Revolution, or Lawrence outside the scarred hills and blackened terraces of its later monstrous blossoming. Mr Flanagan is never better than in his first section, an ' Introduction ' to the world from which these Irish novelists wrote, and I would recommend this part of the book alone, even to professional historians, as an instance of how to convey the ' feel ' of cataclysm and surge in the events of history. I certainly have never found a comparable imaginative grasp of what lies behind the sentence, ' The issues of race, religion, and politics became hopelessly entangled.' Let me quote, not only to illustrate Mr Flanagan's unsentimental awareness of the issues involved, but also how well he can write. He remarks about the oratory of Grattan's Patriot Party that it ' was a prized accomplishment in eighteenth-century Ireland, the glittering, posed language of public men who had modeled themselves upon the heroes of Plutarch.' (Mac Donagh advised the study, among others, of Grattan, Flood and Curran.) But he qualifies, ' Set against the stench and misery of Irish life, it marks the measure of their political failure.' Again, on Lecky's great history, and the fact that ' the loyalist professor of history at Trinity College' should write a 'stirring celebration of independent Ireland' :

> It was the tragedy of the nineteenth-century Ascendancy, which none felt more keenly than did Lecky himself, that the national cause had passed out of their hands and into those of men who gave it a new shape, and new passions. The press of events would force upon the descendants of the Volunteers a position which was staunchly Unionist. Yet over the fireplace of many a great house would hang, in honor, the sword of a grandfather who had served in the Volunteers, and his uniform would be carefully preserved. The sword and the uniform may serve to remind us how rich in paradox was the culture of nineteenth-century Ireland, and how embittered.

Mr Flanagan's book is, then, as well as being a critical evaluation of five novelists, a study of a paradoxical and embittered culture. But in his treatment of individual writers he shows equal perception, and a gift rare in those whose task it is to brush away the cobwebs from forgotten books and, in at least three cases, largely forgotten writers. He can give us a *précis* of a novel without ever losing freshness of style and command of our interest. Maria, of course (why not 'Maria' if the Austenites can get away with 'Jane'?), is not forgotten. But most of us never go further than *Castle Rackrent,* which Mr Flanagan describes as 'as final and as damning a judgment as English fiction has ever passed on the abuse of power and the failure of responsibility', and again as 'that rare event, an almost perfect work of fiction'. Mr Flanagan takes us through the other relevant novels, being especially good on *The Absentee,* to my mind a greater book than *Castle Rackrent,* if only because of its larger canvas, and complexity of interest. No one who has ever read that marvellous evocation of a world in which nobility of motive (in Lord Colombre) burgeons out of contact with half-a-dozen cultures, amoebic, vestigial, or miscarried, can ever doubt that Maria was a major novelist in her time—I will go further ; by any standard.

Sydney Owenson, Lady Morgan, is, I think, forgotten. I knew only *The Wild Irish Girl,* which has something of the elegiac sweetness, the Ossianic melancholy, of Moore's *Melodies.* Indeed Mr Flanagan sees Lady Morgan as maintaining, with Moore, Macpherson's tradition. More importantly, from a cultural standpoint, he argues that 'For several generations the issues of Irish politics would be argued out in the terms of Sydney Owenson's rhetoric'. He discusses, with uncommon lucidity and (I suspect) a degree of over generosity Lady Morgan's other novels, pin-pointing the precise strand of opinion-cum-sentiment vis-à vis Ireland which she represented, 'caught as she was between her bright, secular Whiggishness and her hankering after a glamorous and immemorial past'.

Maria, and Lady Morgan, were in their very different ways, of the Ascendancy. John and Michael Banim were Ireland's 'first Catholic novelists', Catholic that is by virtue of stock, upbringing and allegiance. For of course in a strictly literary sense, Joyce was Ireland's 'first Catholic novelist', perhaps the only important one to date. Mr Flanagan's discussion centres on John Banim as 'the controlling genius' of the partnership; a conscious explicator of the Irish peasant to the English market, and as he concludes, as one who 'Because he had accepted the task of mediating between the two cultures . . . could not bring himself to admit how much he cherished the one and detested the other'. He also reminds us that Banim was the first to shed light on 'the secret, strangely self-sufficient Gaelic world'. And as I read through Mr Flanagan's analysis of *Crohoore of the Billhook,* Banim's novel of the White Boy period, I had the oddest fancy. There is one terrible scene depicting the torture and mutilation of a tithe-proctor. I know nothing quite like it in English fiction of the age—such things, apparently, did not happen. But in later French fiction, yes : that gruesome episode in Zola's *Germinal* where a mining-town gombeen-man is murdered and even more frightfully mutilated. Banim is *better,* not because his talent in any way equalled Zola's, but because his violence is observed experience, not the product of a superbly efficient mental laboratory.

So odd a juxtaposition reminds us of one important fact about the history of the Anglo-Irish novel. Irish life in the eighteenth and the nineteenth centuries was sufficiently bloody and brutalized to provide material for a dozen Zolas. But the Irish novelists were also children of the British Lion, and the British Lion was their biggest customer, a Lion in high prosperity, suddenly become ever so careful about the areas of human experience to be explored by the novelist. The days of Fielding, Richardson and Smollett had gone, and there had never been their Irish equivalents. Vast tracts of Irish life were, perforce, left unexplored. It is instructive to think what the Irish novelist might have written about, if the country had not been so closely linked with one which could afford artistically to shut its eyes to the murkier aspects of human behaviour, secure in her Tom Jones, her Moll Flanders, and her Lovelace. As it is, it is surprising that so much physical violence got set down, especially by a man like John Banim, who finally decided that he had written too much about the 'dark side of the Irish character'. It will not do to neglect Banim when it comes to writing a history of the Irish Catholic mind, with all its pieties and sophistries, at grips with the novel.

That also applies to Gerald Griffin, treated by Mr Flanagan with something like love. *The Collegians,* of course, is as much part of a now fading sub-branch of our culture as is Tom Moore. Its most substantial echo, however, is heard in the pseudonym of Mr Brian O'Nolan. The only person I have ever met who has read the book is Mr Kiely (but then he has read almost everything ever written by the Irish novelists). I love it, but might have gone no further in critical enthusiasm than does Dr Colum in his introduction to the edition available. But Mr Flanagan has opened my eyes to Griffin's sense of symmetry and design. With his special approach, he is able to show with what skill Griffin plotted the gradations in the society he depicted, and to bring home, too, the comparative boldness of his subject. We have no Lovelace and Pamela, but we have Hardress Cregan and Eily O'Connor. As an exercise in the best kind of close reading, Mr Flanagan's exposition could not be bettered. He is also particularly illuminating about *Tracy's Ambition,* illustrating further Griffin's peculiar power over the significant image.

But the greatest of them all was, as Yeats recognized, Carleton : Carleton the apostate, the hired hack, the unquiet pilgrim, the visionary. When he died the Protestant rector of his parish and 'a near-by Jesuit' (according to O'Donoghue's *Life*) disputed the possession of his soul. The episode, if it ever happened, is symbolic of the life and work of this curiously schizo-phrenic genius. He *had* genius, more especially that power of rendering the life of his peasant people apocalyptic, which in lesser degree is possessed by a not dissimilar writer, Mr Liam O'Flaherty. And far more than Banim, he tried as Mr Flanagan puts it, 'by main force, to bring the Gaelic world into the orbit of English letters'. My own knowledge of Carleton (and the basis of the foregoing) is confined to the *Traits and Stories,* and two novels, *Valentine M'Clutchy* and *The Black Prophet,* the beginnings of an attempt to cover the canon, inspired by Mr Kiely's book. Mr Flanagan re-whets the appetite for illumination. I use the word advisedly. Carleton is the *only* writer in English who can take us back beyond the Famine, to where so many of us, through our forefathers, incurred an eradicable wound of the spirit. The fact that Carleton's books

should not be in print is an indictment of all Irish publishers. But then nor are Banim's, and Griffin is not well served by the pious maintenance of a single novel.

I have touched on only a few, necessarily selected points in this rich book. Mr Flanagan represents the very best of American scholarship. He is lucid, unfussily accurate, gracefully allusive, and obviously no book-maker. I will conclude with a recommendation that this seminal work be read by all graduate students of Anglo-Irish letters, and a final quotation :

> To understand the Ireland which shaped two such different men as Yeats and Joyce, one must move back, as we have done, beyond the thronging murmurs of the Dublin streets, beyond the waste of the empty decades, beyond the fields and valleys swept bare of all life, beyond the final delirium of the brave.

JOHN JORDAN

THE ELEMENTS OF DRAMA

THE ELEMENTS OF DRAMA. By J. L. Styan. Cambridge University Press. 1960. 25s.

IN his introduction, the author, a tutor in literature and drama at the University of Hull, makes the modest claim that his book is for those playgoers interested in drama, and for those students of drama who go to the theatre. Unlike other academic writers on drama, he accepts as the first article of critical faith that the act of reading a play is not enough. It is this readiness to judge in performance, in their verbal, visual and aural elements, that adds depth and significance to this revealing study of thirty notable plays from Sophocles to Sartre. His analyses of scenes from *The Cherry Orchard* and *Six Characters in Search of an Author* are as valuable, within their limited scope, as Stanislavsky's notes on *The Seagull*. It is this interpretative power which makes his work not only of value to the more intelligent playgoer and drama student, but to the serious actor and producer, both professional and amateur.

The author acknowledges his indebtedness to the amateur dramatic movement. Without it, he would not have been able to live up to his dictum that plays, even great plays, should be judged in performance, not in the study ; even a lifetime of professional play-going is not likely to provide opportunities for the revaluation of so many masterpieces under the ideal conditions which the professional theatre, at its best, can afford. Neither does Mr Styan underestimate the value of other media—radio, film and television—in widening the scope of one's dramatic experience. The film, with its emphasis on the visual side in drama, can create dramatic meaning by the juxtaposition of images in immeasurable variety. Radio drama, for Mr Styan, can not only give immediacy and intimacy but ' a subtle and mercurial manipulation of

sounds and words.' He is, as yet, less sure of television drama as an aid towards appreciation, finding it lacking in ' the physical immediacy of the stage picture, the lightning speed of the edited frames of the film, the penetration of the pure aural effects of radio.' But unlike some purists he is not so foolish as to dismiss it. He awaits the arrival of an Eisenstein or a Stanislavsky, to exploit ' its special power to present a character's thoughts in episodes of brief fantasy ' and to give television drama its own dramatic form.

Mr Styan's comment that ' extracting a plot from a play rarely helps us to know it ' may not dissuade some newspaper critics from this habit but it will commend itself to the serious playgoer who realizes that there is a great deal to learn from the bad production of a good play as well as from the good production of a bad one. It is not the plot which is important but the ' line of intention ', the sequence of impressions. The author summarizes these ideas in the concluding valuable chapter ' Playgoing as an Art '. Here we find no foolish expectation of masterpieces, that bugbear of the inexperienced playgoer and of the literary critic who disdains the vulgar traffic of the stage : ' Going to a play is not, as it is often taken to be, a passive pursuit ; it is a live and fruitful activity. Playgoing is an act which, like the proper reading of a novel or the complete act of listening to music, expects us to make the contribution of what ultimate qualities of fine feeling and intellectual honesty we possess. Whether the play is Greek tragedy or kitchen comedy, or whether it is well or indifferently performed, our active contribution is required. What will follow, even from a bad play badly presented, is important : for judgment is choice. Undergoing a play, from its start to finish and in its subsequent effect, is an act involving, in Dr Richard's frightening phrase, ' momentous decisions of the will.' This chapter is required reading for critics and irascible drama adjudicators like myself.

Mr Styan's comments on Synge, O'Casey and Denis Johnston's *The Moon on the Yellow River* are intelligent and, at times, acutely perceptive. Some of his analysis of *The Playboy* may seem obvious and commonplace to Irish critics who are more aware of Synge's sources ; but he manages to write stimulatingly and freshly on such an overworked subject as the Abbey plays of O'Casey : ' In his early plays, Mr O'Casey's was a Dickensian, melodramatic kind of mind that shocked his audience, harshly juxtaposing apparently, irreconcilable feelings. *Juno and the Paycock* is a lesser play than *The Plough and the Stars* because its effects suggest contrivance ; the method does not lift the pseudo-tragic elements from melodrama ; and the play's momentum does not carry us through the transitions with assurance . . . *The Plough and the Stars* is more subtle, not because the mixture is any less incongruous, but because the tragic implications flow more smoothly from a source itself potentially comic. In *Juno and the Paycock* the author tried to conjure comedy out of tragedy ; in *The Plough and the Stars* he conjures tragedy out of comedy.' There is only one passing reference to the later O'Casey plays : ' And we forgive excesses of speech when fresh and vivid, whether in an early Shakespeare like *Love's Labour Lost* or in a later O'Casey like *Red Roses for Me*.' We should greatly like to know what such a perceptive and stimulating critic thinks of *Cock-a-Doodle Dandy* or *The Drums of Father Ned.*

Micheál Ó hAodha

PHILOSOPHY

ETHICS SINCE 1900. By Mary Warnock. Home University Library Oxford University Press. 1960. Pp. 210. 8s. 6d.

MAN AND MORALS. By D. J. B. Hawkins. London : Sheed and Ward. 1960. Pp. 104. 10s. 6d.

MORAL PHILOSOPHY. Its General Principles. By A. M. Crofts, O.P., S.T.Lr., M.A. Dublin : Dominican Publications. Pp. 117. 4s. 6d.

CATHOLIC SOCIOLOGY. A textbook for Beginners. Same author. Dublin : M. H. Gill and Sons. 1960. Pp. 116. 3s. 6d.

Mrs Warnock's excellent little book deals almost exclusively with the ethical theories of English and American philosophers of the present century. Her review begins with a chapter on F. H. Bradley and closes with one on Sartre, who is the only non English-speaking philosopher treated. Both expounded a metaphysical ethics, i.e., their moral theories form part of generalized systems, attempted explanations of the whole universe and particularly of man's place in it. Such an approach to ethics, for long the traditional one, has been out of favour in England for the past fifty years or so. Hence the majority of the authors whom this book considers are in the line of British empiricism. They eschew grandiose world-views and concentrate meticulously on such questions as the meaning of ' good ' and ' right ' (Pritchard and Ross), what things are good (G. E. Moore), what is the meaning of ethical statements and principles (Ayer and Stevenson). There is much acute analysis ; ideas are clarified ; hidden confusions are detected and eliminated. This is all very useful ; but it must be confessed that the close analytical scrutiny of ordinary ethical words and sentences, as well as the triviality of the ' cases of conscience ' which are used as illustrations, have the effect of rendering the subject unusually arid and repellant. The ingenuity of the logical analysts in their endeavours to explain ethical experience without recourse to metaphysics reminds the present reviewer of the resourcefulness of the higher critics in explaining the Gospels without the supernatural.

This kind of ethics is in marked contrast with the thomist tradition, as also with the kind of ethics which flourishes today on the Continent. It is a salutary reminder to system-builders that the grass roots of ethical speculation consist in the patient examination of what our ordinary ethical speech purports to mean. Mrs Warnock, at any rate, has no doubt that the limited aims and severely analytical procedures of the British ethicians are fully justified. ' Philosophers [of the British school] are more interested in saying what is true than in constructing large-scale, super-scientific explanations of things.' In this book she has provided a capital introduction to the thought of this school. She has selected those writers whose influence has been most decisive, set forth their views clearly and generally added her own shrewd appraisal.

Dr Hawkins, by contrast, frankly declares his adherence to the old-fashioned, system-building kind of ethics. The purpose of his book is to

provide a unified sketch of the whole field of ethical speculation. Into this framework the student can fit the detailed studies preferred by Mrs Warnock's philosophers. From Dr Hawkins we have learned to expect scholastic philosophy, re-thought in the light of modern discussions, and crisply expounded in the modern idiom. Nor are we disappointed. Here we have chapters on obligation, moral thinking, the virtues, law, punishment and property, in which only the specialist will realize how much personal reflection and solid learning lie unobtrusively beneath the easy-flowing sentences. The book is aimed at the cultivated reader who has some acquaintance with, or at least is interested in, the philosophical aspects of morality.

If one has any criticism to offer it is that the author, having at the outset declared himself on the side of system, is not systematic enough. British ethics, as we have seen, has in the present century shied away from the metaphysical, systematic type of theory exemplified in the first chapter of Mrs Warnock's book. But significantly enough, that author at the very end of her book, in the chapter on Sartre, is back at metaphysics once more. It may well be that when British ethicians have finished to their own satisfaction their useful task of sifting and clarifying the meaning of ethical words, they will turn back once more to some sort of metaphysics in their search for ultimate intelligibility. Now one of the most satisfying things, as it seems to me, about thomist ethical theory is the aptness with which it fits into the general thomist metaphysic. Of that metaphysic Dr Hawkins has already shown himself a most competent expositor. No one is better fitted to show his countrymen how ethical theory finds unity and completeness in a sound philosophy of all reality. He has not done so in this book. But it is a good book, all the same.

Fr Crofts is lecturer in the Dublin Institute of Catholic Sociology. He has written the two works listed above as textbooks for his classes. They are admirably produced—neat, compact, well-printed and inexpensive. *Moral Philosophy* may briefly be described as a summary account in clear English of the ethical content of S. Thomas's *Summa Theologica, Prima Secundae.* It is intended for first year students and, as the author points out in his Introduction needs to be explained and amplified by a teacher.

Fr Crofts' students, I fancy, find *Catholic Sociology* easier going than the book just noticed. It is a simple introduction to the moral aspects of economic life and organization. The approach here is, I consider, pedagogically more suited for beginners than that in his previous book. Particularly noteworthy is his opening chapter on Individualism, Socialism and the Catholic Centre. I was glad to see two chapters on the Vocational or Corporative ideal, which remains an integral part of the Catholic answer to problems of class warfare and the social control of economic life.

Michael Connolly

LE REGNE DES FINS : L'Essence de la Civilisation. Par Jean Pucelle. Préface de Jean Nabert. Collection ' Problèmes et Doctrines ' XVII. Paris : Emmanuel Vitte, 1959. 459 pp. 25 NF.

LA VALEUR DANS LA PHILOSOPHIE DE LOUIS LAVELLE. Par Wesley Piersol. Paris : Emmanuel Vitte. 1959. 192 pp.

THE SEARCH FOR VALUES. By Russell Coleburt. London-New York : Sheed and Ward. 1960. 136 pp. 12s. 6d.

Theories of the nature of value occupy one of the most chaotic segments of contemporary philosophy. Even the efforts to classify the various philosophies of value do little more than underline the lack of agreement. Are values objective or not ? Are they merely emotional reactions, whose study belongs to psychology ? Or are they like mathematical or logical statements in that they ' refer to nothing, yet are applicable to everything ' ? Have, indeed, the values of science, art, morals and religion enough in common to make them the objects of a single study ? Here, at all events, are three books, each with something to say on the matter of bringing some order into this chaos.

M. Pucelle's book is the second of a proposed trilogy. (The first, *La Source des Valeurs* was noticed in *Studies*, Spring, 1959, pp. 115-117.) One of the attractive qualities of his exposition is the way in which commonsense is allowed to have a say ; his theory of values is not all theory. In his first book he had stressed the need for objectivity ; values must be communicable. In *Le Regne des Fins* (the phrase is reminiscent of Kant) he studies the communication of values in man's process of civilizing himself. Civilization ' mints ' or ' coins ' values. To show that this is so M. Pucelle tries to get behind the bewildering variety of civilizations and cultures the world has seen to examine the *acte civilisateur* itself. That is to say, he undertakes a philosophical anthropology. His judgments upon peoples and civilizations have a sweep that owes something to Arnold Toynbee (whose *Study of History* is frequently laid under contribution). Some incidental references to national characteristics catch the eye. The inhabitants of *la brumeuse Ile d'Eire* may not be altogether pleased to have their *envolées lyriques* and *indisciplinisme utopique* contrasted with soberer and more pragmatic qualities to be found in the neighbouring island ; they may like still less the contrast between, on the one hand, Celtic tracery and political inability and, on the other, the Mediterranean peoples' architectural forms and political institutions (pp. 243-6). At times M. Pucelle impresses like a brilliant, even overpowering, conversationalist, never at a loss for a striking conceit or a suggestive comparison, but sometimes less than compelling in his appeal to reason.

In his Preface to M. Pucelle's book M. Jean Nabert, himself a distinguished philosopher of value, mentions a possible affinity with Louis Lavelle. Mlle Piersol's book is a study of Lavelle's philosophy of value. Lavelle (1883-1951) has often been called a ' spiritual existentialist ' although, in reality, he finally arrived at a philosophy much more in the Platonic metaphysical tradition than any existentialism. In value-philosophy he began with a sort of Pro-

tagorean *homo mensura* subjectivism and ended with something approaching the Platonic ideal of an absolute standard. This value-philosophy is carefully studied by Mlle Piersol in the works of Lavelle, particularly his *Traité des Valeurs*. The study is divided into four parts, on the psychology, the characteristics, the incarnation and the metaphysics of value. It is too much to hope that the thought of Lavelle can be made easy ; but the admirable and compendious introduction presented by Mlle Piersol must help the understanding of it.

Mr Coleburt's book is of a different kind. Not only is it written in English but it succeeds in discussing values without the rebarbative terminology many philosophers seem to think necessary. It begins with the contemporary symptoms of a crisis of values, art-forms like Osborne's *Look Back in Anger*, Beckett's *Waiting for Godot*, Picasso's *Guernica*, the Freudian explaining away of moral conscience, the treating of Christianity as myth. Here we have what many moderns consider the indispensable propaedeutic to art, morality or religion—the destruction, often carried out with passion and brutality, of empty convention. Mr Coleburt then faces the problems of diagnosis and cure. The ' split mind ' is the disease ; and the split is roughly that between intuitive and discursive knowledge. Despite some valuable pages (pp. 51-2) on the evidence for moral values, the chapter on the split mind seems a little inconclusive. Mr Coleburt is much more persuasive when he examines the foundations of artistic, moral and religious values in the subsequent chapters. The short chapter 5, on Moral Values, is really the mainstay of the book. It contains a discussion of the ' naturalistic fallacy ' of deriving moral obligations (' ought ') from factual judgments (' is '), the difficulty, fathered by Hume, that has so bedevilled English ethical writing since G. E. Moore's *Principia Ethica* at the beginning of this century. ' Ought ' can legitimately be derived from ' is '—but only through the mediation of a theory of values properly rooted in being. Mr Coleburt's last chapter, ' Sincerity and Life ', prescribes for the healing of the split mind that has so disarrayed contemporary values. In the last resort only love heals the split mind.

It is difficult to find much agreement between these three books in their treatment of their common subject. There is, perhaps, the general acceptance of some connection between value and being—for M. Pucelle it is the condition of the communicability of values, for Lavelle the combining of the ' ontological and axiological modes ' in the criterion of value, for Mr Coleburt the insistence upon the supreme value of the Divine Personality, ' He Who is '. Is this part of modern philosophy's painful re-discovery of what was well known to the scholastics, that all being is good and true ? Certainly there is much to be done if axiology is to take its place with the other parts of philosophy ; the process will not be helped by further neglect of the classical approach to values through the transcendental properties of being.

M. B. Crowe

HISTORY

EARLY FRANCISCAN GOVERNMENT : Elias to Bonaventure. By Rosalind B. Brooke. Cambridge University Press. 1959. pp. xv, 313. 40s.

THERE should be a welcome for this addition to Franciscan studies, all the more so as it is the work not only of a painstaking and careful scholar but also of a busy wife and mother. Mrs Brooke's study of the subject was begun at Cambridge under the guidance of Professor David Knowles and she has brought to it some of Professor Knowles's tradition of getting into the skin of the members of medieval religious orders and piecing together a coherent interpretation of sources often scanty, ambiguous or obscure.

In the case of the thirteenth century Friars Minor the general problem of interpreting medieval sources is made more acute by the clouds of controversy which gathered round the Order in its first hundred years. Historians of the Order have tended to become passionate protagonists of either the Conventual or Spiritual parties. It is one of Mrs Brooke's chief scholarly merits that she makes clear by chapter and verse that the clearcut division so obvious in the early fourteenth century is not traceable in the period before St. Bonaventure. Her examination of the significance of Brother Elias, the choice of St. Francis himself as second Minister-General, is in this context especially illuminating. In Mrs Brooke's own words : ' It is the contention of this book that to interpret the early history of the Order in terms of parties or of the wickedness of Elias is a mistake ' (p. 5).

Mrs Brooke holds that the determination of the Spirituals, particularly Angelo Clareno, to find in Elias the symbol of apostasy from the pristine ideals of the Order has prevented a balanced estimate of his career. She points out that Elias was in fact overthrown in 1239, not by the Spirituals, but by a coalition of Provincial Ministers. These men, chiefly learned clerics of a type which St. Francis himself can hardly have expected to see controlling his Order, secured Elias's downfall out of reaction against not only his autocratic tendencies but also against his conscious reliance on the lay brethren in the Order. As a result of his deposition the intake of lay members was drastically curtailed. Mrs Brooke is surely right in maintaining that in this instance Elias, for all his faults, was nearer to the spirit of the founder.

The passing of Elias cleared the way for a period of constitution-making between 1239 and 1260, when the consummation was reached with the Constitutions of Narbonne under the auspices of St. Bonaventure. Mrs Brooke has some finely written sentences on the relationship of the two great saints, St. Francis and St. Bonaventure, to each other : ' Bonaventure's philosophy was transformed, deepened and perfected by what he learnt from Francis, and in his turn he remodelled Francis' Order—He admired and venerated St. Francis, but as an inspiration rather than as a model—This (the Franciscan spirit) he saw not as static, still less as tied to the past, to the literal observance of the teaching, the precepts and desires of a dead man, however saintly, but as moving forward to the fulfilment of God's purposes, dynamic and receptive—, (p. 273). So St. Bonaventure aimed at combining

the simplicity and humility of Christian life which was St. Francis's ideal with the pursuit of sacred learning, a pursuit which St. Francis had perhaps unduly distrusted.

As part of his plan to remove tensions within the Order, St. Bonaventure enjoined the destruction of previous collections of constitutions, a step which every historian of Franciscan origins has reason to regret. The most controversial section of Mrs Brooke's book is her attempt to reconstruct by indirect documentary means the provisions of lost constitutions passed at the General Chapters of the Order in 1239 and 1242. The moving spirit behind this legislation was, she declared, the Englishman Haymo of Faversham, Minister-General from 1240 to 1244. It is a pity that Mrs. Brooke has not discussed the theory put forward by Dr. Marinus a Neukirchen, O.F.M. Cap., which challenges the very existence of a Chapter in 1242. If this historian is right, a serious breach is made in Mrs Brooke's reconstruction.[1]

Mrs Brooke writes with a fluency and quiet charm of style which eases her exposition of what is often difficult technical research. Sometimes her judgments on psychology seem a little slick and speculative. How can we know for certain, for example, that Elias 'joined the Friars Minor without having a true vocation' (p. 170)? On the whole however we can be grateful to Professor Christopher Brooke for, in his wife's own words, 'standing between me and the washing up' (p. x) in order that this thought-provoking book could reach completion.

JOHN B. MORRALL

REVOLUTION AND PAPACY, 1769–1846. By E. E. Y. Hales. London: Eyre & Spottiswoode. 1960. Pp. 320. 30s.

THIS book forms a natural complement to the same author's biography of Pius IX. In many ways it is in fact superior to *Pio Nono* in historical range and objectivity; one misses the note of special pleading which characterized some sections of the older book.

The present volume is largely devoted to the happenings of two long and important pontificates, those of Pius VI (1775–1799) and Pius VII (1800–1823), during which the worst waves of 'the Revolution' broke upon the Papacy. The first and the last chapters of the book, dealing with the periods immediately before and after these pontificates, portray ages which in both instances were marked by much subservience of papal ecclesiastical policy to the political demands of Powers of the *ancien régime*. The part played by the Bourbon dynasties of France, Spain and Naples in engineering the dissolution of the Jesuits by Clement XIV is well known, though Mr Hales

[1] This point has been made by the Reverend F. X. Martin, O.S.A., in a review of the book in *Irish Historical Studies*, xii (1960), p. 172-173.

effectively retells the whole sorry story. It is not so often realized that the condemnation of Lamennais and his Liberal Catholic group by Gregory XVI was also in large part due to outside pressure, coming chiefly from Metternich and Tsar Nicholas I. Mr Hales criticizes Gregory for ' a failure of judgement, a nervous, all too natural fear about things temporal, a bondage to possessions, and an ill-conceived attempt to tie the Church and Europe forever to forms of government and society which in fact had had their day ' (p. 295). Yet perhaps Lamennais's condemnation would have been inevitable in any case with that of the Traditionalist theology which he so heavily supported. It is in the theological and philosophical fields that the roots of Lamennais's political beliefs are to be sought.

On the conflict between the two Pii and the France of the Revolution and Napoleon Mr Hales provides a satisfying, graphic and absorbing account. The human dilemmas of the two pontiffs are sympathetically analysed and one understands the impression left on Europe by the sufferings, physical and mental, inflicted on these aged but resolute men. Touches of humour are not lacking. Mr Hales enjoys guying the egregious General Radet, who took it on his own initiative to arrest Pius VII in 1809, by depicting his seizure of the unarmed and unresisting pontiff in terms of a hazardous military operation : ' his advanced troops finally came into contact with the enemy who was sitting behind a table, fully robed ' (p. 192). The part played by Cardinals Consalvi and Pacca, Pius VII's stalwart Secretaries of State, in fortifying and often indeed directing papal policy is well demonstrated by Mr Hales.

A useful general introduction points out the part played by movements such as Jansenism, Richerism, Gallicanism and Febronianism in weakening the concept of papal authority in the Catholic Church of the *ancien régime.* Mr Hales notes that Jansenist and Richerist tendencies among the lower clergy in eighteenth-century France paved the way for clerical support of the early stages of the Revolution. It is interesting to remark that parallel work of preparation for the Revolution among the clergy of the Hugueonot body was the result of the infiltration of rationalist ' Enlightenment ' ideas ; but consideration of this obviously falls outside the scope of Mr Hales's highly recommendable book.

JOHN B. MORRALL

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF MARY ANN McCRACKEN. A Belfast Panorama. By Mary McNeill. Dublin : Allen Figgis and Co. 1960. 30s.

MARY ANN MCCRACKEN was born in 1770 and died nearly a century later. She was small in physical stature, but big in everything else. So Miss McNeill in her book makes us realize. Hitherto we had an imperfect impression of her : her identity was obscured by the colourful figure of her brother the

United Irish leader, Henry Joy, whom she had succoured while he was a prisoner in Kilmainham and later as he faced the hangman in his native town. At that point a great career of charity opened out before her. She took over the care of Henry's child and five years later the ill-fated Thomas Russell whom she found unresponsive to her hidden love for him entrusted his sister to her care. Her horizons widened. She became a pioneer social reformer, actively identifying herself with works for the poor and the oppressed in the slowly growing industrial city of Belfast. Her name is indelibly written in the history of such institutions as the Belfast Poor House, the Ladies' Industrial School, the Ladies' Clothing Society and the Society for the Relief of the Destitute Sick. She also campaigned in the Anti-Slavery cause and for the abolition of the employment of climbing boys in chimney sweeping. The driving force behind this lifetime of work for others was her religious faith which gave her a dominating sense of stewardship.

Mary Ann McCracken was quite obviously an unusual person. She was in advance of her time in her passion for education, and in her intense desire that women should have an equality of opportunity with men ; and she never lost her interest in national politics. Her mind was, however, open to change. One of the most interesting passages in the book is that in which she declared that a better day had dawned with the coming of the Virgin Queen to the throne and that she would be content with the Union if the provision of a better mode of life for the common people was thereby realized. Her brother's old comrade in arms, James Hope, appears to have undergone a similar transformation. Looking back, he was critical of the United Irish leadership.

The author stresses the pre-occupation of the United Irishmen with social progress : their only fault, she suggests, was their being too far ahead of the times. She questions whether nationalism as we know it today played any part in their scheme of things although, in some fashion that is not easy to follow, she distinguishes between the motives of 1798—'fundamentally a great struggle for social justice, the nearest thing to the French revolution to happen in these islands'—and 1803 in which she suggests that modern Irish nationalism was born.

A valuable book this on which the author and her publishers are to be warmly congratulated.

LEÓN Ó BROIN

[*We regret that pressure on our space has forced us to reduce the number of pages devoted to reviews in this issue. We shall resume our usual practice of devoting about thirty pages to reviews in our next issue.*—EDITOR.]